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The Sketch

No. 2167.—Vol. CLXVII. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

MISS DIANA PLUMPTON'S

SEASIDE PRACTICE FOR OVERSEAS.

MISS DIANA PLUMPTON is a member of the team of British lady golfers which is sailing to Canada and the U.S.A. at the end of the month under the captaincy of Miss Doris Chambers, with the idea of bringing back the Curtis Cup. She has been enjoying a holiday at Frinton, but even the best bathing weather does not induce her to give up golf practice—witness the driver and putter under her arm in our photograph.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

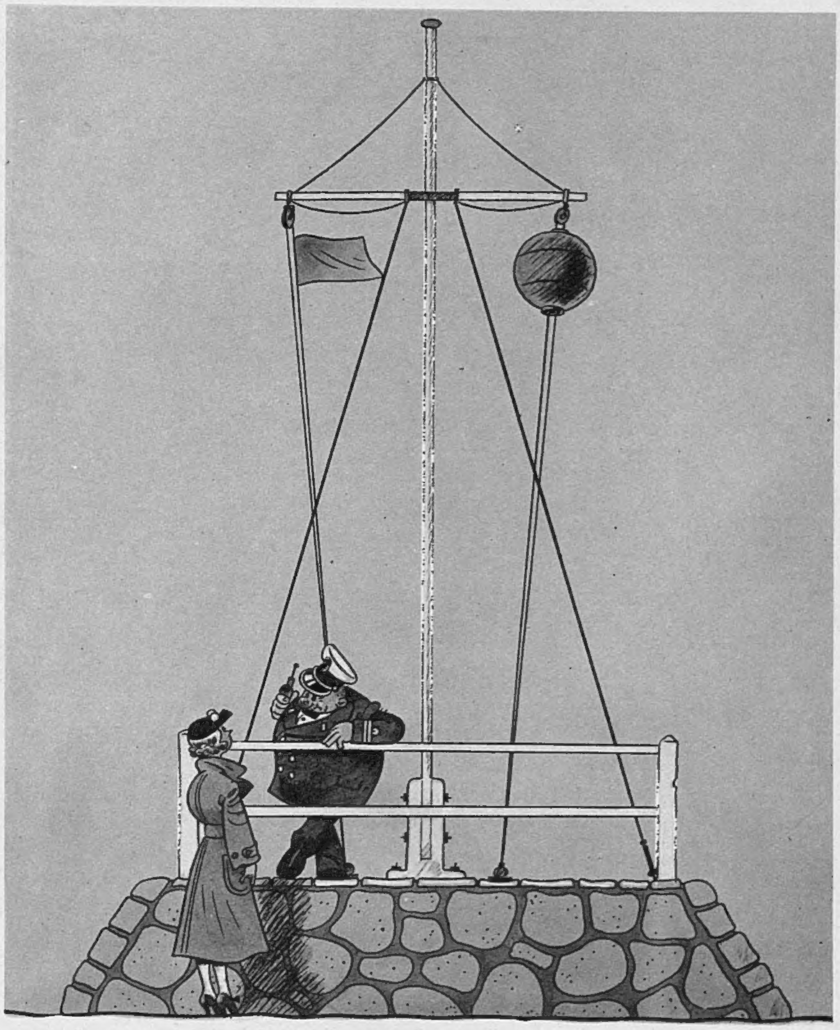
A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

ONCE upon a time—dear me, how long ago !—our more ardent patriots used to sing :

> Sons of the Sea, all British born,
> Sailing every ocean, laughing foes to scorn !
> They may build their ships, my lads, and think they know the game,
> But they can't build boys of the bull-dog breed,
> That made Old England's name !

Well, that 's how I feel about it. I always suspected it, and now I know—the sea is in my blood. I hope that is not the reason for those slight rheumatic pains that one gets in this warm weather ; it may well be that sea in the blood is not the best thing for the health—at all events, that was my impression the other day when, in the midst of an otherwise invigorating bathe, I inadvertently took a quart or so of ocean into my system. But what of that ? A slight dilution of the blood is a small price to pay for this Viking feeling. It is grand to be a bull-dog with a heart of oak and with sea in the blood ! That is the sort of thing the sea does to you. People with literary tastes call it suffering a sea-change.

What I am trying to convey—though I seem to have been a little side-tracked by all these sea-metaphors which naturally come crowding in on the Viking mind — is that I have made my *début* as a yachtsman. It was an important event in the sporting world. It marked an epoch in a long-standing rivalry between a certain sixteen-footer (ours) and a certain other sixteen-footer (theirs, shiver their timbers !). I learned a great deal in a short time, and I am only too glad to pass on a few tips to others who have not had my advantages and who may be described—though in no condescending spirit—as mere landlubbers.



THE NAUTICAL GENT : " . . . when the weather-ball is at the top, my dear, the weather will be stormy."

THE YOUNG LADY : " But couldn't you possibly lower it ? I want to go out sailing this afternoon ! "

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

The first thing to do is to buy a yachting-cap, with a nice white cover on it. You will be surprised to find how much confidence this gives the yachtsman. You must not be put off by the fact that your friends and family will gather round you with Kodaks, in a spirit of ill-concealed merriment. You must not mind if facetious persons address you as " Bo'sun " or " Tom Bowling," or call upon you to splice the main-brace. Just keep your cap planted firmly on your head, preferably at an angle known as " rakish," and you will feel the blood of a thousand maritime ancestors surging through your veins.

Once aboard the lugger, there are only one or two simple principles which you need remember. The first is that a yacht is never at its best unless it is trying to capsize ; but that is only its little joke —it means no harm by it. In fact, a yacht can hardly be called seaworthy unless it is semi-capsized, and you will notice that the experienced members of the crew only begin to enjoy themselves when they are able to declare that the lee rail is a-wash. You may think that you yourself are going to be a-wash any moment, but never mind that — just hang on where you can and try to convince yourself, improbable though it may seem, that a yacht is not really a submarine, however much it may behave like one. Trust in God and keep your powder (not to mention your clothes and your tobacco) dry—though in this last respect I cannot honestly say that I fancy your chances much.

The second Principle for Beginners is very important. To the superficial glance, there are no very obvious analogies between yachting and golf, and yet they have one great principle in common. *Keep your head down.* In golf, this is necessary, because otherwise the ball will be sliced or pulled ; in yachting it is necessary because otherwise your head itself will be sliced or pulled. Yachting has this great advantage, that if you happen to forget the Golden Rule, it will be borne in upon you by a sharp clout over the pate from the boom—an enormous sort of swinging bludgeon made of some specially toughened material and weighing, if my memory serves me, many tons. It would greatly improve one's game if there were also a boom at golf, even though, on " off " days, one might reach the eighteenth hole in a state of concussion. Yachting is one of those occupations which does *not* illustrate the poet's fine sentiment about the head being bloody but unbowed ; at least, mine was certainly not unbowed, though I had an uneasy feeling that the helmsman *did* use the other adjective once or twice when my head inadvertently obstructed his view. A little uncalled-for, I thought it.

This, I think, is all that the beginner needs to remember, though, naturally, for more experienced yachtsmen like myself there will be more important duties to perform than merely dodging the boom or refraining from falling overboard. My particular speciality is manning the backstays. I dare say you are not quite clear what a backstay is, and probably it would convey nothing to you if the helmsman suddenly said to you, " Helms a-lee ! " I have not space to go into all the technical details, and I will merely say that the backstay is an extremely important part of the rigging and that unless it is managed with great skill, the stick may go by the board when going about. (I 'm sorry if this sounds technical, but it is very difficult for us sailors to adapt ourselves to the longshore mind.) Only a person of great agility and intrepidity—in short, only a person of the bull-dog breed—can, at the crucial moment, tauten one backstay and slacken the other in one and the same bold, ambidextrous movement.

Did we win ? Oh, boy ! (as our purists say). We won by fifteen minutes better than our handicap time. And in my humble opinion, the victory was entirely due to the masterly management of the backstays.

CONFESSIONS BY CAMERA: NO. III.—MRS. C. SWEENY.

THE "Confession Album" is a long-dead craze. No longer is it the fashion to keep a volume in which your friends reveal their personality by answering a series of questions as to their tastes and preferences in different directions, but, since the Edwardian period has returned to popularity, "The Sketch" revives the "Confession Album" in a new form. MRS. CHARLES SWEENY (formerly Miss Margaret Whigham) is the third well-known personality to give us her Confessions by Camera.

QUESTION.	ANSWER.
What is your favourite month?	June.
Have you any hobby?	Yes—going to the cinema.
What is your favourite colour?	All shades of green.
Have you any pets?	Lots—an Alsatian, two French poodles, and two cats.
Who is your favourite composer?	Cole Porter.
Have you any preference in the choice of decoration or ornaments in the home?	For ornaments, I am very fond of carved ivories, jade, or rock crystal.
What type of clothes do you like wearing best?	Town day clothes and evening dresses.
Have you a pet aversion?	Ordering food for meals.
What is your idea of the perfect dinner menu?	Anything that's put before me and which I don't have to order.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY V. C. BUCKLEY.

MONTE CARLO ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

The DUCHESS OF BEDFORD, *our most air-minded Duchess, arrived by air to open the new landing-ground for aeroplanes at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Burnham-on-Crouch. She is here being welcomed on landing.*

When the new Empire Pool at Wembley was opened, a display of BATHING DRESSES OF 1940 *was given by famous mannequins. Metallic - looking suits were one of the forecasts.*

MRS. "BROWNIE" HOLLWAY *and the* HON. KAY NORTON, *daughter of Lord Grantley, by the pool at Monte Carlo. Mrs. Hollway wears a red and white cotton romper suit, and Miss Norton is in orange linen shorts.*

MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON, *the brilliant actress-daughter of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, recently arrived in Monte Carlo harbour in her own boat from England, via the canals of France. Her adventure was a strenuous one, as she had only the assistance of one companion and no crew. It took three weeks!*

FLYING to Paris in a heat wave was a new experience. No hectic hitches, no sunbaked struggle from train to boat and boat to train; instead, two bus rides and one-hundred-and-five cool minutes in the air. We took tea above the Martello towers of Kent, which looked like a child's sandcake upturned from a bucket, damp and firm. As mixed biscuits arrived on unbreakable plates (memo — Order some for Lizzie to smash and grab) we practised this magic phrase said to betoken sobriety or its opposite—" Mixed biscuits, missed biss——" Practice obviously does not make perfect. The static Channel, wrinkled as a rhino's skin, was as impersonal in spite of piers and fussing steamers, as a lake in the moon.

Over France the Heracles made good time, and when we looked down it was already too late to scan Chantilly for the house of Madame la Marquise de Chasseloup, most sporting of veteran M.F.H.'s, whose tales of London in the last war are as anglophile as they 're amusing. Her *chasse à cour* is something to look forward to in winter—if winter ever comes. In the improved customs shed at Le Bourget, Miss Nancy Fraser announced her departure to Oberammergau *en route* for Brioni and Scotland.

The arid greyness of Paris and a shower of hot rain was unappetising after our sunny home town, but with the certainty of unlimited sunshine next morning we stretched out on a bed wagon with the Ideal Holiday Reading, so often promised by publishers' blurbs and so rarely written. In " The Passing Chapter " Shane Leslie (father of would-be cabaret artiste Anita) does for the fifteen years since the Armistice what Pepys, whom he so palpably admires, did for another period of transition. He collects, appraises, and crystallises with much wisdom and some caustic wit. His stories are occasionally old, but should divert posterity. " Buck's Club was founded to house a type which is really extinct " is an acute observation; also " A French woman will change her shoes three times a day, but never because they are wet." Mr. Leslie believes that " What Lady Mount Temple wears in the summer the Provinces will wear in the autumn." He agrees with us that the taste of Mrs. Sybil Pim and of Mrs. Reggie Fellowes has many imitators. The latter is Monte Carlo's one and only Daisy, swathed to her delicate ears in a black dinner jacket of glittering paillettes worn above a black skirt, long, skin-tight, but slit to the calf at one side. The autumn silhouette in embryo. She wears this to gamble at the Summer Sporting Club.

By the pool everybody meets, more or less pop-eyed, before lunch—an elastic feast from one till four. Under the colonnades nearest the bar, Doris Chapman's French bull-dog is tethered while her owner bathes, or administers the latest orange cream to willing victims. It dyes you an Aztec bronze, which the sun confirms. Peggy the bull-dog's birthday was the first big event of Monte Carlo's Season, followed by the opening of the F.F.M.C.F. (Girls) which, owing to the exigencies of Bank Holiday we must leave over until our next. The birthday celebrations were enjoyed by the resident colony and visitors, including Grand Duke Dmitri, the " Bertie " Marion Crawfords, Polovtsoffs and pretty " Dicky " Dickerson (Priscilla baptismally), who has got engaged to an Englishman—Tony Gilson—and will be a permanent American attraction *chez nous*. Whether the dog enjoyed her party is another matter—which doesn't matter.

One of the tents on the beach belongs to Mrs. Violet Miller, who has attractive Joan Buckmaster staying with her, a healthy *tableau vivant* in

light blue and natural bronze. She lost her luggage on the way out, excepting one bathing suit which has proved adequate.

Another Mayfair face belongs to Mrs. Hollway, who came out with Lady Ashley and is awaiting her return from London. "Brownie" wears checked gingham rompers or long white trousers. Her bathing is done from Miss Kay Norton's speedboat—an enviable craft. The *jus de tomate* linens worn by Miss Norton are excellent. She's also the only wearer of a yachting cap who owns a yacht. Bobbie Nothman's yachting cap denotes his admiralty over *les girls*—a sweet bunch, Hollywood-groomed and less tough than cuties we've previously encountered. The poor kids have been rehearsing day and night, which may account for their quiet demeanour. *Nous verrons.* Betty Sundmark, who appeared in London and was here last season, is the veteran performer. Her soulful eyes and long dark hair resemble those of Thelma, Lady Furness. We're confident that Betty will marry a title, and settle down to country life. The example of Lady Charles Cavendish has fired a dancing trail from California to Shaftesbury Avenue.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET played the part of his ancestor Sir Edward Seymour in the Pageant at Berry Pomeroy Castle, his Totnes seat. MISS PAMELA HARVEY is here arranging his lace cravat during an interval.

Fashions vary with pyjamas definitely out. Madame René d'Estainville, who drives over from her villa each morning to bathe, has an adorable assortment of Hawaiian hats and a little white jacket of cotton crochet. Her husband has been influenced by his recent tour of the Far East to adopt a *solar topi* and the *sahib* kit associated with Empire builders on rubber plantations. A hundred *franc* camera adds the tourist touch. We're trying to persuade him that the St. Moritz bob-run has not been the same since he ceased winning cups and took to globe-trotting, but somehow the Big Bobbers of other days are bored with Sonny Corner and Sonny Boys. Mrs. John Wanamaker and her husband make a popular pair. She has tartan rompers, well cut and gaily coloured, which cost only three dollars in New York.

VISCOUNTESS BURY, the wife of the Earl of Albemarle's elder son, took the part of Henrietta (Minette), the dearly-loved sister of Charles II., in the Water Masque held in the grounds of Eccles Hall, Norwich, in aid of the Norwich unemployed. MISS LAVENDER DENNY was the lady-in-waiting.

STRANGERS' GUIDE. Some who are either here already or due before you read this include Archie Chisholm, Douglas Fairbanks (who's bin and gone once already), Camillo Aldao, Chatto Elizaga (the one and only "Chatto") with his fetching bride, formerly Estrella Boisevain; John Bailey, the Filmer Sankeys, Adrian Baillies, the youngest Forbes-Robertson, who's with Auntie Maxine Elliot; the Malcolm Arbuthnots, Mrs. Walter Russell, a rich Paris-American, who's installed at the Molyneux villa with entertaining intentions; Mrs. Harrington Chadwick of Chicago, who has taken the Garoupe again; the Stourtons, Mrs. Beresford (who was Lady Sholto Douglas), Lady Warwick (mother of Fulke), Captain Arthur Margesson, M.P., and suite of children, Jean Forbes-Robertson (who arrived by boat from England via the canals of France—an enchanted Inland Voyage), Winston Churchill, who will also visit Jean's celebrated relative; and the Henry Hopkinsons.

Motor boaters, like Prince René de Bourbon, Sir Oliver Duncan, and the Willses, turn up in time to practise for the races—August 22nd to 31st. "Ollie's" cup will be raced for on the 28th, and Commodore Beaumont's the 31st. This sports G.H.Q. has been transferred to Monte Carlo. Members can buy exclusive insignia, including evening uniforms. *Les casquettes* should be purchased before leaving London from the Navy's tailors. Don't worry about buying a boat. Somebody will certainly appreciate selling you one. And don't fill your car on the quay with petrol from the boat. Poor George FitzGeorge was arrested by the *douaniers* for this seemingly harmless act and heavily fined.

The christening of the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Portman took place at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. Little HENRY EDWARD BERKELEY PORTMAN is here seen in the arms of his mother, MRS. MICHAEL PORTMAN.

SPORTING NOTES. Those who haven't been to a gala at Monte Carlo under the full moon have no right to die after seeing Naples. Giant fountains foam, fireworks succeed each other in extravagant abandon without reference to Guy Fawkes or any other visible guy, magic casements (with acknowledgments to Keats) open on to black and silver seas flanked with tables by a white glass dancing floor—got the local colour? or do you need to know that the two good bands wear white mess jackets, as do all the waiters, half the guests, including Mr. Filmer Sankey, and the immaculate Marquise de Jaucourt.

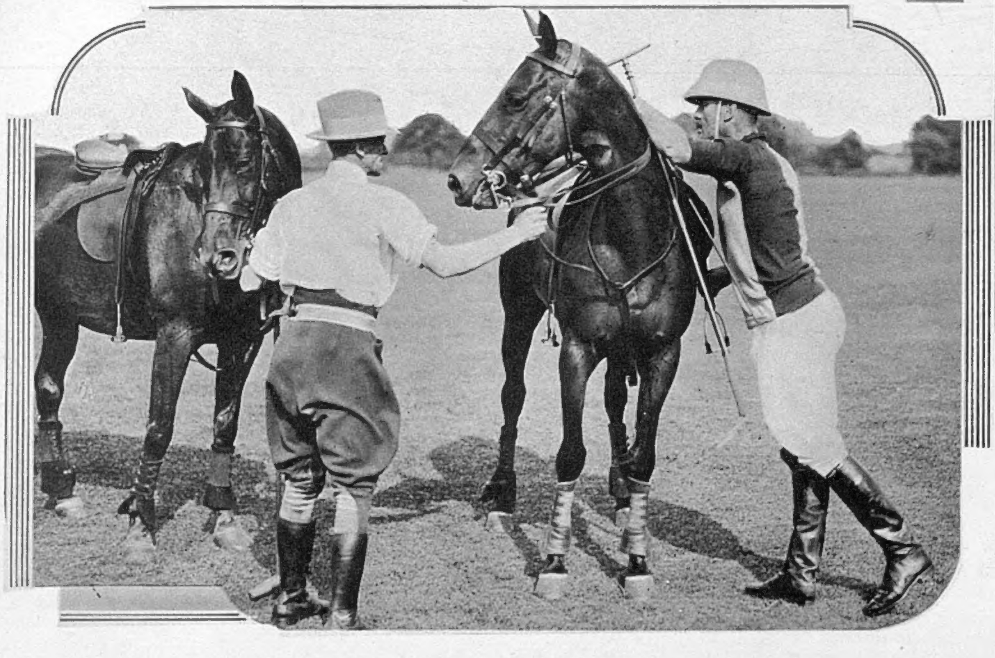
THE "BEAUFORTSHIRE AND A BALL

"Beaufortshire" was en fête for the Polo Week. The result of the finals at the Beaufort Club was that Clive House won the Holford Cup. MAJOR GEOFFREY PHIPPS-HORNBY (left) plays No. 2 for Clive House and CAPTAIN PRIOR-PALMER is the No. 1. They are with MRS. DUNCAN McKINNON.

MISS PAMELA KINGSCOTE and MISS JOYCE KINGSCOTE, daughters of Major Maurice Kingscote, are chatting to MR. RICHARD VIGORS.

Our group includes MISS PALMER, CAPTAIN and MRS. DAVID FORBES (centre), and MISS TILDEN. Mrs. Forbes was Miss Diana Henderson.

CAPTAIN DENZIL HOLDER, No. 2 for the Cheltenham side, which met Clive House in the final, mislaid his kit, so put on leather "chaps." He is with CAPTAIN F. SPICER.



(Left) LORD APSLEY is here changing ponies between chukkas in one of the minor matches.

SEASON"; POLO FINALS GIVEN BY AN M.P.

MRS. DUNCAN McKINNON was one of the many attractive guests at the Draycot House dance. She is with MAJOR KEITH MENZIES.

COLONEL and MRS. SOUTHEY were photographed sitting out together at Captain Victor Cazalet's dance at Draycot House.

CAPTAIN MAURICE KINGSCOTE danced with the HON. MRS. GREENALL (formerly Miss Joyce Laycock) at the ball given by Captain Cazalet.

MR. R. THOMPSON and MISS LILIAN HARVEY had a seat on the stairs between dances. Cushions were provided to make the steps comfortable.

MR. and MRS. KENSLEY, CAPTAIN GUY HANMERS, MR. A. PHILLIPI, and MRS. RAOUL MILLAIS are among those in our group from the Draycot House dance.

(Right) MISS ISOBEL McLEAN was one of the guests at the ball given by Captain Victor Cazalet, M.P., at Draycot House, near Chippenham. She is seen dancing with MR. J. H. EDMUNDS. Her looking-glass ear-rings are a novelty.

(Below) COLONEL EDGAR BRASSEY and MRS. REGINALD SHEFFIELD faced the camera together. She was Mrs. Glen Kidston.

THE MICHAEL PETOS AT IFORD.

MISS SERENA PETO is here posed outside a playhouse in the gardens of Iford Manor, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, the lovely home of her parents. Her father is the eldest son of Sir Basil Peto, Bt., and her mother is the eldest daughter of the Rev. William H. Carnegie, Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Sub-Dean of Westminster. Serena was born in 1928.

MAJOR and MRS. MICHAEL PETO and SERENA in their garden. Major Peto inherited Iford Manor from an uncle, the late Mr. Harold Peto.

MRS. MICHAEL PETO posed in the Japanese water garden. The late Mr. Harold Peto, who left Iford to Major Peto, was a famous gardener and art collector.

This charmingly posed picture of MRS. BASIL PETO and SERENA gives some idea of the charm of the rock garden round the old well-head; and the loggia.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE IN HISTORIC HOLLAND HOUSE.

LADY STAVORDALE, the young wife of Lord Stavordale, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, is posed with her children in historic Holland House, the London home of her father-in-law. She was Miss Helen Elizabeth Ward, and is the twin sister of Mrs. Michael Hornby, and a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward. Her marriage took place in 1931, and she has two children, TERESA JANE FOX-STRANGWAYS, born in 1932, and baby GILES FOX-STRANGWAYS, who is such a new arrival that he has not yet been christened.

FROM OUR VILLAGE.

By E. M. DELAFIELD.

Author of "The Diary of a Provincial Lady," etc.

"Jumble is jumble, all the world over."

Miss E. M. Delafield is known to everyone as the creator of "The Provincial Lady." On these pages, we give the second of her brilliant articles, "From Our Village," which carry readers well and truly into the country of that charming character.

**II.—
OUR GARDEN FÊTE.**

[*At the Hall: where everything has been in some confusion for days past, and where men and lorries are now delivering the tea-tables—borrowed from Our Tennis Club; the china—lent by Our Women's Institute; and the Jumble—collected by Our Committee.*]

"It looks more like a bite than a break, if you take my meaning."

The Owner of the Hall: Well, I've only one thing to say, and that is that if it pours with rain, the whole thing will be a failure.

(*Perhaps in order to make up for having only one thing to say, he repeats it at intervals until the moment actually arrives for the Fête to be declared open.*)

Owner's Wife: The glass is going up, dear, and we haven't had any rain for days. Look at the garden! Now I think everything is more or less ready, except for carrying the jumble out to the table under the mulberry-tree, and pricing the clothes for the dress-stall, and putting the toys in the bran-tub, and rehearsing the children once more for the Historical Scenes, and driving to the station to meet Cousin Louisa, and seeing about the tea.

The Cook: If you please, 'm, is it your wish that the tea committee should use my kettles for this afternoon, because it's not what I've been used to, and I shouldn't wish to say a word, naturally, but perhaps you'd come and speak to Mrs. Somebody from the village, 'm, as I shouldn't like there to be any what-you-might-call unpleasantness.

(*In spite of this aspiration, however, a general impression remains that what-you-might, and almost must, call unpleasantness, will undoubtedly make itself felt, sooner or later, and probably sooner.*)

[*In the Gun-Room, where the Jumble has been deposited.*]

A Committee Member: . . . and as I said at the time, Mrs. Henn, I said, jumble is jumble, all the world over, but when it comes to one odd garter and a child's spotty horse without so much as a head to it, *then*, I said, it's time to make a stand.

Her Friend: And you were right, dear, only, if you'll excuse my mentioning it, that's the gramophone records that came with the Rectory jumble that you're sitting on now, and it's not you that's to blame, but whoever went and put them under the Reverend's grandmother's old black-and-white skirt. . . . No, dear, there's not a great deal of damage done, only just a scratch or two on "The Merry Widow" and a piece out of "Monastery Bells," and I dare say that was gone before; it looks more like a *bite* than a break, if you take my meaning.

Another Member (*of a facetious turn of mind*): Ah, the Reverend's grandmother must have done that when she had her new set put in.

(*This pleasantry is received without enthusiasm, even when the Facetious Member, undaunted, has hopefully said it all over again.*)

[*At the Rehearsal of the Historical Scenes.*]

Our Producer: Now, children, the little Princes in the Tower just once more, and I want the murderers to *look* like murderers . . . just use your imagination, dears, and try and feel as if you hated poor little Cyril and Stanley quite dreadfully, and were just *longing* to stifle them with the pillows—not that you *really* hate them, of course: we're all of us ever such friends, aren't we?—but just *pretend* . . . Dickie Roberts, what are you doing, shoving poor little Cyril about like that? I don't think there's any necessity for you to be *rough*, is there?—even if you *are* supposed to be a murderer . . .

The Mother of a Performer: If you please, Miss, our Ivy is ever so upset: she doesn't like being the Neatherd's wife, when so many of the others is being Kings and Queens, and her dad says she's not to act, and he hopes it won't put you out, but someone'll have to take her place.

Our Ivy (*suddenly and strongly*): I wants to be Queen Elizabeth.

Our Producer: Oh, but Ivy, I'm sure you don't really *mean* that, dear! The Neatherd's Wife is such a very interesting part, and you can look just as if you were boxing the King's ears when he lets the cakes burn—and think what fun *that*'ll be—and besides, I'm sure you wouldn't like to be left out of the lovely Historical Scenes, now would you?

Our Ivy: I wants to be Queen Elizabeth.

Our Ivy's Mother: I dare say her dad 'ud let her go on if she was to be

"Her dad says she's not to act."

Queen Elizabeth, Miss, if that 's what she 's set her little heart on.

A Performer : If you please, Miss, St. George and the Dragon can't find his cloak, and mother 's ever so sorry, our Bert and Minnie have got pink-eye and won't be able to act.

Our Chairman (*appearing suddenly round the corner*) : All ready, dears ? We 're all so looking forward to seeing you, and there 's not a moment to be lost. . . . Everybody 's waiting . .

[*At the Opening of the Fête.*]

Our Distinguished Visitor : . . . a very great pleasure to be here to-day . . . which reminds me of an extraordinarily funny story I once heard in Australia, many, many years ago, that I hope may be new to some of you . . . all those who have worked so hard and, may I say, so successfully . . .

(*General impression prevails that he may say this, and anything else he pleases, which he does in a most agreeable manner, amid much applause.*)

Our Hostess : Too, too delightful, Sir Henry. If you 'd just

" Won't you guess the number of currants in this beautiful cake ? "

add one word—not that it *matters*, of course, but just the merest formality—saying that the Fête is actually *open* ?

[*On the Ground.*]

A Lady With a Cake : Won't you guess the number of currants in this beautiful cake ? Only twopence, and you can write down your guess in my little book, and then, if you 're right, you get the cake, you see.

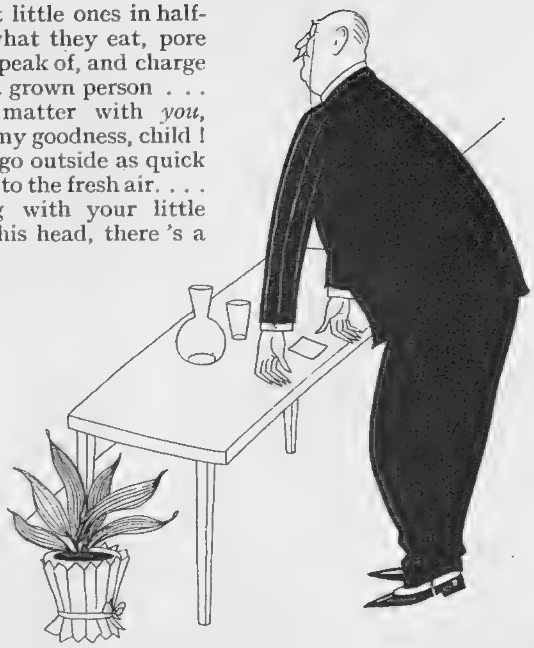
(*A number of innocent visitors make elaborate calculations as to the average number of currants in a slice, and of slices in a cake, and enter extravagant estimates in the little book, only to find themselves defeated by an experienced frequenter of bazaars, who is cynically aware that the donor of the cake will certainly not have squandered more than six currants upon its manufacture.*)

An Old Gentleman (*who is being urged to take tickets for a raffle*) : That may be all very well, but what I always say is, *raffles are illegal*, and you can't get away from it.

A Lady Without a Conscience : Still, General, it 's a very *nice* clock, and it isn't as though it was a *striking* clock. I always say myself that a tick is one thing and a chime is quite another. Especially in a bedroom. And if the tickets are really only threepence each, I think, in such a good cause, that I should like to take half-a-crown's worth. Though, of course, I *absolutely* agree with you about raffles being entirely wrong.

[*In the Tea-Tent.*]

The Mother of Five : . . . Why, it 's sheer robbery, that 's all it is, not to let little ones in half-price. Look at what they eat, pore mites, nothing to speak of, and charge them the same as a grown person . . . Whatever 's the matter with *you*, Willie ? . . . Oh, my goodness, child ! If that 's the case go outside as quick as ever you can, into the fresh air. . . . Hilda, run along with your little brother and hold his head, there 's a good girl . . .



" A very great pleasure to be here to-day."

A Visitor : I thought the Historical Scenes so charming, and *did* you hear that dear little thing who kept on saying she wanted to be Queen Elizabeth ?

Her Friend : And *wasn't* she Queen Elizabeth ?

The Visitor : I don't think so. At least, she wasn't wearing a ruff, or anything like that. She looked more like Mary Queen of Scots, if anything—but, of course, one can't ever be *absolutely* certain, can one ?

[*At the End of the Day.*]

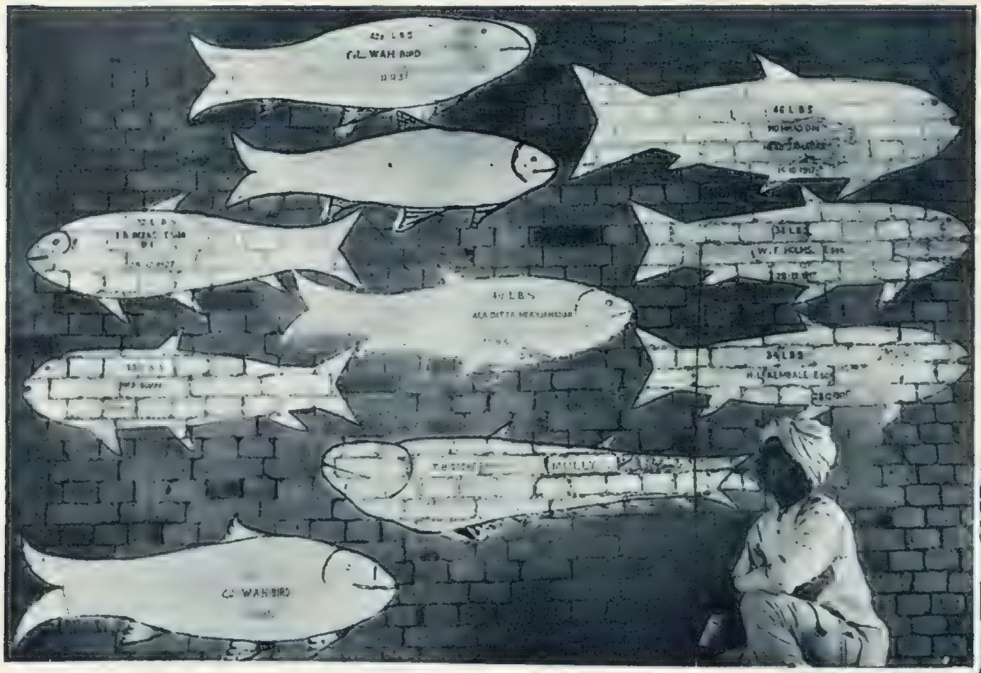
Our Principal Stall-Holder : Seven pounds eight shillings and fourpence in the envelope, at least the fourpence is really in the cigar-box, because I put all the coppers together, and two pounds seventeen—I think it is, if I added it up right—in my bag, but a pound has to be deducted from that because I put in a pound's-worth of silver at the very beginning, for change—oh, and I mustn't forget that I borrowed two florins and a sixpence from the gate. But, otherwise, I think that you 'll find it 's all quite straightforward, and most satisfactory.

[*And so, on the whole, it is—though perhaps the word " straightforward " is optimistic, rather than accurate.*]

" But what I always say is, ' Raffles are illegal."

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

GLANUSK PARK, Crickhowell, Breconshire, on July 28, was the rallying point of sporting and social circles in South Wales. Two hundred and fifty cars from all parts of England and Wales were parked in the grounds, and the attendance of between 1000 and 1500 people testifies to the remarkable popularity attained by the annual Casting Tournament of the Usk Valley Club. Each year the numbers of competitors and spectators increase, and I can foresee the Club's efficient administration being taxed to the limit in the near future.



An unusual PICTORIAL RECORD of fishing fortune is illustrated by our snapshot. It shows paintings on the wall of a house at the Sutlej Canal Head Works, where the MAHSEER and MULLY fishing is very good. The weight of each fish, the date on which it was killed, and the name of the angler responsible, is printed on each silhouette.

This is the second time I have stayed at Glanusk Park for the Tournament, so I have seen something of the organisation which makes the affair such a complete success. I have helped a little with the final touches on the preceding evening, shared the anxiety about the weather in the morning, and joined in the last-minute bustle to get the first event started on time. Lord Glanusk leaves nothing to chance, works harder than anyone else, and is marvellously supported by the members of the Club who, with the Boy Scouts and estate employees, form the backbone of a most able organisation. Consequently everything works smoothly, and a tremendous programme was completed this year with the minimum of delay.

Keen Lady Casters.

The large number of lady competitors is a pleasing feature of the Tournament. No less than nineteen entered for the salmon fly distance event, and they were equally well represented in the trout and bait events. As one of the judges, I was greatly impressed by the high standard of the casting. The lady competitors, in particular, have improved tremendously, and many of them can hold their own in open competition with the men. The Hon. Mrs. A. Cooper had very hard luck in not beating her own world's record, as she made a cast of 41 yards with the salmon fly, but it was disqualified, as the back cast just touched the water. The Dowager Lady Glanusk, who invariably competes, was not able to do so, unfortunately having sprained her arm.

Among the ladies I would like to commend particularly for their fine casting were the Hon. Mary Monck, who won the Usk Valley Jewel; Miss M. F. Dowson, the Hon. Mrs. A. Cooper, the Hon. Mrs. Morgan Jones, Mrs. Evan Thomas, the Hon. U. Vivian, Miss Shoubridge, Mrs. Grenville Grey and Mrs. Tatham.

Some exceptionally good casting was done by the professionals in the Salmon Distance. W. Law, of Usk, cast 48 yards, and W. Samuel, of Brecon, beat this with 49¾ yards. He used a twenty-foot rod which he made himself. During the afternoon Lord Trevethin, ex-Lord Chief Justice, presented prizes to the Hon. Mrs. Cooper and to the Hon. Mary Monck, and saluted the recipients with old-world courtesy.

Is the Record Roach a Hybrid?

Something like consternation will be caused among coarse-fish anglers by the pronouncement of Dr. C. Tate Regan, Director of the Natural History Museum, that a fish of 3 lb. 1 oz. caught in Mapperley Reservoir is a roach-bream hybrid and not a true roach.

For some time past many anglers have voiced doubts about the big roach which seem to have become more and more plentiful of recent years. Mr. E. Marshall-Hardy told me a week or two ago that he was convinced that nearly all so-called roach over 2 lb. are hybrids. He has a particular method of scale counting by which he contends it is possible to tell at once whether a so-called roach is a true specimen or a hybrid.

However, I will return to the Mapperley Reservoir "roach." Mr. T. Jackson, of Nottingham, caught the 3 lb. 1 oz. specimen mentioned above, and sent it to Dr. Regan. Despite the fact that Dr. Holden, of Nottingham University, declared the 3 lb. 11 oz. fish caught in Mapperley Reservoir to be a true roach, and in consequence of this declaration the fish has been recorded as the Record Roach caught by fair angling in the British Isles, Dr. Regan asserts quite definitely that another of these big "roach" from the same water is a hybrid.

The distinction between true roach and hybrids is in variations in the numbers of scales in the lateral line and in the numbers of rays in the fins. Mr. Jackson states that a large number of skins and casts of the Mapperley "roach" have been examined, and they all show variations which indicate they are hybrids. It looks very much as though the record roach has fins of clay, and will be cast down from its pedestal. Likewise, it seems inevitable that its successor will require a birth certificate signed by Dr. Regan before it can be accepted.

What Next?

THIS HALF-TON SAW-FISH tried to go through the Panama Canal! It was killed in the dry dock of the Mechanical Division of the Panama Canal, and is here seen being hauled up by a 50-ton crane. The immense size of the fish may be gauged by comparison with the man standing beside it.

A most extraordinary run of unusual incidents occurred within a fortnight recently on the Test. My informant, a well-known Test angler, states that an 18-lb. salmon was foul-hooked in the tail and ran out all the line. The angler let his rod go into a large deep pool, and then obtained a spinning rod, and with a heavily leaded minnow succeeded in pulling up the line and rod. Reeling up the 80 yards of line he found the fish still on and landed it.

Incident Two was the landing of a ½-lb. dace on a big prawn. This was followed by the capture of a pike of 28½ lb. also taken on prawn and, incidentally, on a gut trace. The fourth and last incident was the hooking of a 1½-lb. trout on fly and 3x cast. The trout was seized by a pike of 3½ lb. and both fish were landed. Actually nine fish were taken at once, as the pike had a grayling and six minnows inside—a pretty good example of the rapacity of pike.

R. L. MARSTON.

WEDDING GARMENTS AT THE HINCHINGBROOKE-PETO MARRIAGE.

THE marriage of Viscount Hinchingbrooke, elder son of the Earl of Sandwich, to Miss Rosemary Peto, daughter of Major Ralph Peto and Mrs. Ruby Lindsay, was one of the last important marriages of the season.

1. MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL and MISS SARAH CHURCHILL.
2. MRS. KENNETH M. SIMPSON and MISS ANNE SIMPSON.
3. LADY MOUNT TEMPLE.
4. LADY GEORGIANA CURZON.
5. MRS. HENRY ILLINGWORTH.
6. VIOLET, DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, and LADY DIANA COOPER.
7. MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT.
8. THE HON. MRS. CUNNINGHAM-REID.
9. THE LADY MOIRA LYTTELTON and MISS ROSEMARY LYTTELTON.

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6. *As soon as the CANADIAN athletes arrived in London for the Empire Games they did a little loosening-up of their muscles at Paddington.*

7

EMPIRE GAMESTERS IN REHEARSAL:

1. MISS BARBARA BURKE (left) and MISS MARJORIE CLARKE are two of the South African athletes competing in the Empire Games at the White City. This practice photograph shows them doing muscle-loosening exercises. The Games opened on August 4 at the White City and continue at Wembley on August 8, 9, and 10.
2. MISS EILEEN CROCKART and MR. H. B. HART, from South Africa, are both experts at putting the weight. Mr. Hart, the Captain of the Springboks, is giving his compatriot a few hints.
3. The JAPANESE girls' team entered in the Women's World Games at the White City are here seen receiving instruction from their coach, NAKAZAWA.
4. MR. J. R. LUCKHOFF (South Africa) is here giving the RHODESIAN girl athletes a lesson in the art of javelin-throwing.
5. MISS BARBARA BURKE (l.) and MISS MARJORIE CLARKE, sprinter, and hurdler and high-jumper, posed to the photographer in the greyhound traps at the White City! There is no intention of introducing these devices for the start of human races, though.
7. A lovely back somersault dive by MISS OONAGH WHITSETT at the opening of the new swimming-pool of Burnham Beeches. She is a South African champion.
8. MISS M. MILNE, of the Mitcham Athletic Club, is here executing a spectacular high jump when practising at the White City.
9. This lovely photograph shows one of the CANADIAN girl swimmers diving in the new Empire Swimming-Pool at Wembley.

10. MRS. R. ATKINS, MISS B. TAYLOR, and MISS A. WILSON are Canadian entrants. Here they are practising for the 80-metres Hurdles.

ACTION PICTURES OF THE NATIONS.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

GOODWOOD is either perfect from the weather point of view, or poisonous. It began with perfection. There was a bit of a breeze on the first day, but not enough to worry us about our hats. In any case the flat "tammies," which nearly everyone came out in on the opening afternoon, don't blow off easily. Some were of velvet, like that worn by Countess Paul Munster, others of taffetas, and a few of straw. Lady Peggy Cavendish-Bentinck, who is entered for the Débutante Stakes next year, wore one of these.

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Lady Ludlow likes a real Homburg hat in bangkok straw and was a striking figure in a coat and skirt of highly waxed navy blue satin, with one of these hats in navy with a tuft of ospreys at the back. She was talking to General Holdsworth and telling him that she flies everywhere now. She had come from Luton Hoo to Goodwood by air in an hour. She embarked in a field on a farm near Luton, flew to Ford Aerodrome, near Arundel, where her car met her, and motored the few miles to the race-course.

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The ducal parties included the Duchess of Northumberland and her two girls, the Ladies "Betty" and Diana Percy, who still dress alike on most occasions, though Lady Diana is not coming out till next year. On the first day they wore blue and white checked silk crêpe suits with great navy taffeta "chin bows" and belts and blue straw "tammies." Naturally they lunched with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond in the big Goodwood House party.

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Tailor-mades rather than garden-party frocks were worn by most people on the first day. Lady Broughton takes the bun for perfect racing attire with her grey angora coat-frock with the white Puritan collar and cuffs of piqué; and Lady Lonsdale's choice of a loudly checked navy and white tweed skirt and short belted navy blue coat worn with a kind of blue forage cap was easily the most sporting get-up of the meeting. Lady Diana Cooper, on the other hand, looked all fluttery and feminine in a blue and white starry-patterned frock with an enormous blue straw hat turned up with white.

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Mrs. Arthur Howard had the most original hat, a real little mandarin cap in blue and white perched on her lovely red-gold hair. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan is another racegoer with bright hair. She is Lord Woolavington's only daughter and was entertaining a big party in his private box. On the first day she wore the leaf green which is the classic shade recommended (wisely) for Titian-haired women's wear.

The marriage of VISCOUNT HINCHINGBROOKE, elder son of the Earl of Sandwich, to MISS ROSEMARY PETO, daughter of Major Ralph Peto and Mrs. Ruby Lindsay, was solemnised at St. Margaret's, Westminster.

The HON. JOHN BINGHAM, only son of Lord and Lady Clanmorris, married MISS MADELEINE EBEL, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clement Ebel, of Copyhold Place, Cuckfield, at St. Paul's, Hayward's Heath.

Snapshots from the course. Prince Ali Khan rushing about the paddock at considerable speed.

Mrs. Mowbray Howard saying that she had three daughters with her, and adding, "So expensive, my dear," when discussing this family question.

Miss Bunting Stephenson with a small white cap on her lovely fair hair, in preparation for a "glorious but gusty Goodwood."

Miss Lavinia Strutt looking fresh and girlish in navy and white, in the paddock with Lord Rosebery.

Lady Rosebery in a navy suit and a white "tammy," with two entire blue fox furs round her shoulders.

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Pre-Regatta news from Cowes informs me that the R.Y.S. lawns are looking lovely with a fine bed of brilliant zinnias bordering the second lawn and blue hydrangeas in the corners, while the background is ablaze with scarlet blooms. Priscilla Lady Annesley was an early visitor, looking, as usual, extremely decorative and suitably attired in a red and white spotted scarf with a blue and white costume.

Their Majesties paid an early visit to the Royal Yacht Squadron on the Monday afternoon, and the King saw his own cup, a massive trophy in silver gilt with a thin stem, standing there on view. The Queen wore a blue hat of rather a new shape, high at the back with a slight dip in front, and a long cream-coloured coat, while the Duchess of York, who accompanied them, was also in white. She wore real high-heeled elegant shoes, instead of rubber-soled yachting footwear.

His Majesty the King began his yachting ... graph shows H.M. THE QUEEN, the ... THE DUCHESS OF YORK on board

Gaieties during Cowes Week include an afternoon dance on board H.M.S. *Malaga*, the guardship near the *Victoria and Albert*, on Thursday, while there was one there last week, too, so there's something to make up for the lack of the big ball which Lady Baring always used to arrange.

Those inclined to feel depressed about the decline of church-going in England will be glad to hear that my correspondent says that during regatta time there's always a large attendance at Holy Trinity Church, and that the Bishop of Portsmouth preached to a very good house the other Sunday.

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The production of a new ballet at Covent Garden, even on the last day of July, is a sufficiently exciting artistic event to bring out the faithful. A lot of well-knowns assembled to see "Les Imaginaires," the amusing new

The marriage of MISS JOAN MURIEL BAILEY, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel F. G. Bailey and Lady Janet Bailey, and niece of the Earl of Inchcape, to MR. JOHN CHETWODE, elder son of Vice-Admiral and Mrs. George Chetwode, took place at the village church of Middle Woodford. The bridal procession is here seen crossing the lawn of Lake House, the home of Colonel and Lady Janet Bailey.

MR. CARL AARVOLD, the English "Rugger" International and Cambridge Blue, married MISS NOELINE HILL, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Hill, of Denton Park, Ben Rhydding, Yorks, at St. George's, Hanover Square. The Bishop of Worcester officiated.

"Euclid" ballet of a circle, a triangle, and a black-board, to music by Auric, though Mr. Hamish Erskine registered the fact that the season was really over by appearing in a lounge suit. Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, blonde and beautiful in a black and white printed crêpe-de-Chine, was with him. The Asquith family, on the contrary, came *en grande tenue*. Lady Oxford, who was escorted by Mr. Anthony Asquith, had a delphinium-blue tulle cape over a paler dress, and Princess Bibesco wore turquoise-blue georgette. The transparent tulle or chiffon cape has now ousted the ostrich tippet. Lady Dashwood had a bright blue one over a gay green dress patterned with circles, and, as everyone knows, she is always in advance of the fashion. The Sitwells, Cecil Beaton, Miss Anne Thursfield, Miss G. B. Stern, and Lady Catherine Willoughby were others to be seen in the house.

holiday during Goodwood Week. Our photo- MARQUISE D'HAUTPOUL, and H.R.H. his Majesty's racing yacht "Britannia."

. . .

"Everyone was dreadfully cross at the end of the season, specially the chaps, as they all had to get up early every morning." I have this on excellent authority — from the lips of one of our prettiest débutantes, who looked in the best of health and temper herself. Mothers were probably even crosser than chaps. Anyhow, some of them went on strike about Goodwood. Mrs. Richard Bethell, whose daughter looked as fresh as if she had just come home from school, admitted to being worn-out, and went off to Norfolk with Lord Westbury and her other boy, instead of partaking in the gaiety of the Sussex Fortnight. She has taken a house from Lady Norah Bentinck. It's within easy reach of the sea and will be ideal for a rural holiday.

. . . . .

Not that the pleasures of life in Norfolk are to be confined to bathing, golfing, and lazing. At least two balls are fixed to take place in the county this month. One is to be given at Oxburgh Hall, which belongs to Sir Henry and Lady Bedingfeld, and the other at Houghton, Lord Cholmondeley's place. Oxburgh is one of the most interesting of old Norfolk houses. It was built in 1482 by permission of Edward IV., and the Royal Patent is still at Oxburgh, which has belonged to its present owners, the Bedingfelds, since 1461. It has towers and battlements and is surrounded by a moat.

Houghton is magnificent in quite a different way. It's the largest country house in Norfolk and was built for Sir Robert Walpole in 1722. He demolished the old house and built a much grander one in the classical style beloved of the eighteenth century, with colonnades and towers and spacious rooms.

Entertaining will also go on at Bayfield, which Sir Austen and Lady Chamberlain have taken, so I'm just wondering if rest from the social round will be achieved by anyone in the county of Norfolk after all!

. . . . . .

Lady Dorothy Macmillan's holidays are spent either in extreme grandeur or in almost Arcadian simplicity, for if she does not go and stay with her parents at Chatsworth, she takes her family to "picnic" in a coastguard's cottage at Sandwich Bay. At the moment Sandwich Bay unconventionality has it. Another of the "Devonshire girls," Lady Blanche Cobbold, has taken her family to Suffolk, but Lady Maud Baillie, the eldest sister, is not rusticating. She has gone up to Yorkshire, where she will entertain a party for York Races, the north-country meeting which is *so* smart when the weather's fine. It's the only opportunity that Yorkshire ladies have of "taking another day out" of their Ascot and London afternoon party frocks.

. . . . . .

The Duke of Norfolk, his mother and sisters were all in residence at Arundel for Goodwood. One of the charms of this impressive residence is its nearness to the sea. The whole family party of Howards make a practice of dashing off by car to Littlehampton daily for a bathe when the weather's fine. However, they are not going to spend the whole summer in Sussex, but expect to leave this week for Everingham Park, the Yorkshire place which belongs to the Duchess of Norfolk. She is Baroness Herries in her own right and owns Kinharvie in Dumfriesshire too.

The marriage of MR. ALFRED BOSSOM, M.P. for Maidstone, Kent, to MRS. ELINOR ARMSTRONG, of Minnesota, U.S.A., took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. The Rev. "Dick" Sheppard performed the ceremony, which was a very quiet one.

. . .

I'm beginning to feel seriously alarmed about the autumn fashions. The large hat has already menaced my enjoyment once or twice. At Ascot it was a bore and it spoiled the garden party. Yet if all the signs are to be believed, the Gainsborough Hat will get us down under its huge black velvet shadow. Lady Buchanan-Jardine, who is always well in advance of the fashion, wore one racing the other day. Echoes of the British Art Exhibition, I suppose. Anyhow, she looked lovely in it. The Dowager Lady Airlie wears Gainsborough hats too, and has always done so, because they suit her.

MARIEGOLD.

The coming-of-age of LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, was celebrated by a ball at Thirlestane Castle, though her birthday is not till next month. Our group shows members of the house party: (l. to r.; in front) LADY GEORGINA HAY, daughter of the Marquess of Tweeddale; Lady SYLVIA MAITLAND, MISS ALETHEA TALBOT, and MISS PERROTT; (and at the back) the HON. PETER CAREW, VISCOUNT MAITLAND, LORD REAY, and MR. WATSON.

GOODWEATHER GOODWOOD AND

The COUNTESS OF WARWICK wore a neat belted tailor-made and a simple hat.

LADY ELIZABETH MURRAY, younger daughter of the Earl of Dunmore, V.C., wore a neat coat and skirt.

LADY ANNE HUNLOKE, youngest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, wore a coat and skirt and an organdie collar.

MISS SUSAN HENDERSON looked well in a patterned dress and small hat. She is the Hon. Mrs. Alec Henderson's débutante daughter.

The MARCHIONESS OF TITCHFIELD and the DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND with their daughters.

WHAT THEY WORE AT IT.

The COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON had one of the popular velvet bérets with a light dress.

LADY ROSEBERY and her daughter, the HON. LAVINIA STRUTT, both wore blue-and-white outfits.

LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER was not sure if Goodwood would be gusty as well as glorious. So she went in a small cap and carried a big-brimmed hat to put on if the glare was too great. She is with LADY DIANA COOPER.

MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH'S gaily-checked silk dress was worn under a short cape. She is with MR. CLAUDE LEIGH.

SIR JOCK and LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE arriving at the course. Her tailor-made in striped flannel was a masterpiece.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO —

(Left) ***THE WATER BAILIFF OF THE LLEDR VALLEY***—FOR OWNING NED, THE SALMON-RETRIEVING DOG (HERE SHOWN AT WORK).

(Right) ***MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE***—FOR CATCHING FISH IN THE MOUTH AS WELL AS ANY SEA-LION.

NED, the dog belonging to the Water-Bailiff in the Lledr Valley, North Wales, can retrieve dead salmon from pools without marking them in any way. Our correspondent, Mr. G. Evison Evans, saw him retrieve seven dead fish in two hours. They were taken from pools varying from 3 ft. to 9 ft. in depth.

MISS CICELY COURTNEIDGE has to show circus sea-lions how to catch fish in one of the scenes of the film "Schooldays."

WHEN the sword carried by Drake when he defeated the Spanish Armada was transferred from the keeping of the Naval authorities at Portsmouth to those at Devonport, a masque was arranged by Naval officers to celebrate the event. Queen Elizabeth was played by one.

BRITAIN retained the Davis Cup by beating the U.S.A. by four matches to one.

A "STYLE WHEAT SHOW" was held in WALLA WALLA, which is considered the big wheat country of Washington. All the dresses worn by the mannequins were made of wheat.

THIS NAVAL OFFICER AT DEVONPORT—FOR SHOWING QUEEN BESS AT HER MANLIEST; AND HIS "OPPOSITE" FOR BEING A DUCK OF A DRAKE.

THE BRITISH DAVIS CUP TEAM—H. G. N. LEE, H. W. AUSTIN, F. J. PERRY, and G. P. HUGHES (l. to r.)—FOR RETAINING THE DAVIS CUP, DESPITE THE STRONG CHALLENGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN MISS BETTY HAMILTON, the stage and screen actress, opened the new pool at Burnham Beeches, she dived from the top board and swam to the spot at the other end, at which she cut a tape, as if she were opening a road.

THESE WALLA-WALLA GIRLS—FOR TURNING THE STAFF OF LIFE INTO THE STUFF OF VARIED FASHION FOR THE FIRST "STYLE WHEAT SHOW."

MISS BETTY HAMILTON—FOR CUTTING A SWIMMING-POOL TAPE IN ROAD-OPENING FASHION.

~ On His Majesty's Service ~

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GRAN'POP GOES THROUGH THE CHAIR.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD, F.Z.S. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

WATER BABIES I

DRAWN BY A.

A limited number of specially printed and mounted copies of the above picture can be obtained from the offices of

N HOLIDAY - TIME.

K. MACDONALD.

his paper (346, Strand, W.C. 2.) at the price of 10s. 6d. each; signed artist's proofs at 20s. each; postage 6d. extra.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, ACCORDING TO THE FFRANGÇON-DAVIES.

MISS GWEN FFRANGÇON-DAVIES plays the title-rôle in "Queen of Scots" at the New Theatre. This is the Gordon Daviot play dealing with the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, during the seven years which she spent in Scotland. Gordon Daviot is the Scottish woman-playwright whose "Richard of Bordeaux" was such a big success. John Gielgud, who was Richard in "Richard of Bordeaux," produced "Queen of Scots."

PHOTOGRAPH IN COLOUR BY YVONNE GREGORY.

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PHOTOGRAPH BY DEBENHAM.

PSYCHE IN REGENT'S PARK:
NINI THEILADE.

Regent's Park was transformed into the Kingdom of the Old Gods when "Psyche" was given in a ballet programme at the Open-Air Theatre. MISS NINI THEILADE appeared in the name-part. "Psyche" is danced to César Franck music; with choreography by Miss Theilade, who made her final appearance on Monday, at a gala, before going to Hollywood.

PERSONAL PORTRAITS OF FILM STARS.

By CECIL BEATON.

No. V: KATHARINE HEPBURN.

KATHARINE HEPBURN creates a rather bad first impression; she has such a forceful personality that you might consider her ill-mannered or swollen-headed, and she is inclined to be generally unpopular for this reason. But you soon realise she is completely honest and frank, and you are disarmed by her intensity and her extreme youthfulness, on which account you would excuse her most things.

Three winters ago, in New York, in a production called "The Warrior's Husband," Miss Hepburn, an unknown actress, dressed as an Amazon in chain armour, fairly bowled one over with her spirit, monkey-like energy, and schoolgirlish youthfulness. She struggled and fought wholeheartedly, turned cart-wheels and strained at the leash with such forcefulness that, even in moments of apparent relaxation, her body was so taut and primed that one little toe, I remember, twitched nervously throughout her performance. Suddenly, this obstreperous hoyden, who was, in fact, a graduate from one of the most respectable girls' schools, became a household word and achieved such fame as only film-stars can. Hepburn, with the rocking-horse nostrils and corncrake Cockney voice, had become the new type in succession to the spangled Glamour Girl. The type was essentially of the sporting-parsonage variety, freckled, with clumsy hands and arms, and such a nasal twang to her voice that all masters of elocution threw up their hands. You could visualise her put on an old mackintosh and hare off down the drive, in a very battered car, waving and shouting that she would be back in time for the tennis tournament or to feed the chickens. She was tough and boyish, but her main appeal lay in the fact that the stuffing could easily be knocked out of her. On the surface she appeared invulnerable, but, in point of fact, in spite of the metallic façade, she could easily be reduced to tears.

Whether or not you dislike her, she *is* a fresh personality. Her strident voice is like a blade of new grass, and she looks as though she had jumped in a stream for her morning bath. She has tousled, beetroot-coloured hair, protuberant cheekbones and an angry, hungry look, with strong, shining teeth; she is wonderfully healthy and you know she eats an apple a day. She is very much like the dream-child in Barrie's "Dear Brutus," and she indulges in tremendous schoolgirl enthusiasms and "pashes." You can continually hear her say:

"I think that would be rather splendid," or

"Wonderfully grand," or

"Rather ripping," or

"Topping," or

"Swell, swell, swell."

Her heroines are Garbo, Bernhardt and Duse; she *lives* for acting, adores being photographed, and photographs so strikingly that her real self is, perhaps, only a shadow of her photographs. Nothing, I am sure, will stop her succeeding; there is no branch even remotely connected with her career that she does not concentrate upon; and, though she has achieved her fame through her raucous voice, she realises its limitations and now takes diction and singing lessons; she studies miming, and nothing can sidetrack her from her goal. She is next to be Joan of Arc. Her enthusiasms pour out, in an incessant stream, in that monotonous flow.

"Ow - I - do - think - it - will - be - rather - wonderful—I - shall - shave - my - head - and - wear - no - makeup - but - grease - and - long - eyelashes - and - I - do - intend - to - give - a - real - good - performance - so - that - people - will - reverence - and - revere - me - and - say - I 'm - a - really - great actress - and - that - I 'm - swell."

She is as intense and earnest as Elissa Landi; and, fundamentally, the two are much alike, with the name of some obscure Italian Renaissance sculptor on the tip of the tongue. In Hollywood she is considered high hat because she ignores the social life; but she is too busy planning her career with her friend and accomplice, Miss Laura Harding, to think of putting on an evening dress; and, when she does appear at some first night, the fans that mob her delight in her stenographer's print, ignoring the ermine and orchids of Pola Negri, who looks bewildered and disappointed at her reception. There is a terrific scuffle, Miss Hepburn is giggling hysterically, her fringe disarranged, but she is enjoying the football scrum and is sporting enough not to mind the prodding elbows in her ribs. It is impossible to get her mackintosh on; policemen appear to help her to the kerb and she drives her family and Miss Harding off home in a dilapidated old car, with a canvas hood sadly in need of repair, waving and laughing wildly, for she is in a good mood; and when she is in a good mood she is a great sport and indefatigable—as I first discovered when I took photographs of her. The usual allowance of photographic plates was not enough for her and, during the interval, while the plates were being reloaded, she sat for drawings; no time for lunch; all engagements for the day cancelled, and no reason why either of us should have ever stopped; we were equally enthusiastic.

Miss Hepburn has had a bad winter. The experiment (for the sake of her soul) to revert to the legitimate stage, did not come off. She was—let us face it—hopelessly incompetent and wooden in "The Lake," and her voice of an unendurable monotony. The critics roasted her. Miss Dorothy Parker, the great New York wit, winsomely said:

"Everybody, of course, *must* go and see Katharine Hepburn in 'The Lake,' for she runs through the gamut of emotions from A to B." As a result of this panning, and now that "The Lake" and her marriage to Mr. Ludlow Smith are things of the past, she is even less slipshod than before, and more intent than ever to succeed—convinced now that her spell of bad luck is at an end.

In her apartment overlooking the East River, in New York, she reads more and more plays in an inexhaustible search to express herself better. She plans to gain every experience and to see the world.

"Spain must be wonderfully grand, ow and Mexico, too!" and London is also on her list; so that, if you run across her in the British Museum you must not be surprised to find her head is not as big as in the close-ups, and that she is, in close proximity, very like any exceedingly animated and delightful hockey-mistress at a physical-training college.

MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN, whose arresting character forms the subject of Mr. Cecil Beaton's article this week, is the daughter of a well-known Connecticut surgeon. From her earliest youth she was determined to go on the stage. She is only twenty-four and has become famous as a picture personality. After her success in the stage play "The Warrior's Husband," Radio Pictures executive realised that she was a new type of star and brought her to Hollywood for a part in "A Bill of Divorcement." She has more than justified their opinion, and is likely to increase her fame when she is seen as Lady Babbie in Barrie's "The Little Minister." When not in the studios she avoids "the social swirl," but goes in for golf and lawn tennis, and keeping pets. She also enjoys brilliant conversation and meeting intelligent people.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

THE HEPBURN, NEW TYPE STAR: SPORTING-PARSONAGE VARIETY.

MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN, the subject of the fifth of Mr. Cecil Beaton's "Personal Portraits of Film Stars," is an arresting personality. She created the new type of star, in succession to the spangled "Glamour Girl," and, as Mr. Beaton points out, this type is essentially the "sporting-parsonage variety, with clumsy hands and arms . . ." Her immense vitality and youthfulness bowled audiences over when she was seen, three winters ago, in New York, in "The Warrior's Husband," a stage production. Since she has taken to the pictures and become a great star

PAUL ROBESON AS A GREAT AFRICAN CHIEF.

"KONGO RAID," the film version of "Sandars of the River," one of Edgar Wallace's most popular series of stories, will offer a sensational attraction in the appearance of the two famous coloured stars PAUL ROBESON and NINA MAE MCKINNEY as an African Chief and his wife in their ancestral setting of ebony splendour. Mr. Robeson and Miss McKinney are well known to all theatre and film "fans," but have never before been seen in rôles of this description. Mr. Robeson's successes include his appearance in the charmingly sentimental musical comedy "Show Boat," and in Eugen O'Neill's tragedy "All God's Chillun Got

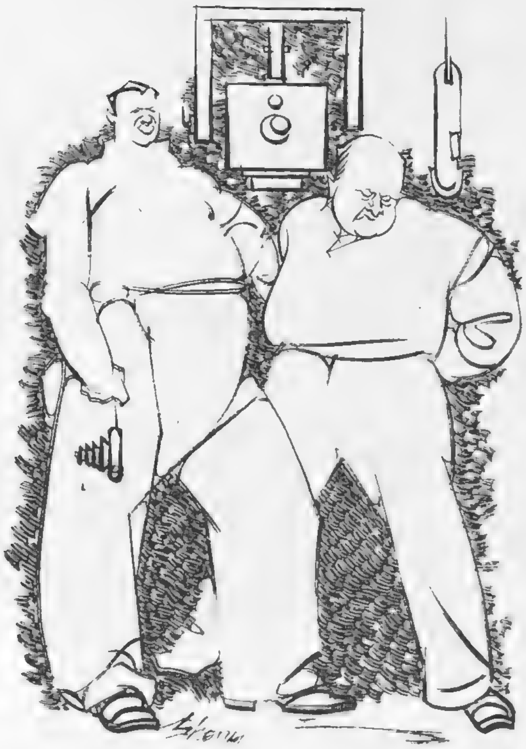
NINA MAE MCKINNEY AS THE CHIEF'S WIFE.

Wings." He has also been seen in "Emperor Jones" and as Othello. Miss Nina Mae McKinney made a great hit when seen in revue in London (her song "Minnie the Moocher" was played by every dance band), and last week when she appeared at the Alhambra. "Hallelujah" is one of her newest films. "KONGO RAID," the new London Film Production, is now well in hand. The shooting of the African sequences is complete, and the photographs of wild game and of the natives manning their war canoes and shooting the rapids with incredible skill are said to be quite exceptional. The main plot of the story is being filmed at Elstree with the all-star cast.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.



Sherriffs has here caricatured some of Britain's International picture-makers. MR. KANTUREK (left) is an "ace" camera-man, and MR. ZELNIK is an "ace" director. They were sketched on the lot for "MR. CINDERS," at Elstree, surrounded by the implements of their craft.

THE LITTLE THEATRE is gradually becoming the intermittently permanent home of the old firm of MASKELYNE, whither their many patrons of all ages follow them in time-honoured loyalty. The programme this time is full of conjurers, many of their tricks, such as the Duck-in-frying-pan, omelette-in-hat, lady vanishing from sword-pierced box, being popular favourites. No less than five nimble-handed performers, headed by Mr. Noel Maskelyne, appear first as single turns and then in an ensemble called "Oriente," which is a mixed-pickles dish of all sorts and conditions of "illusions," old and new. All these numbers were received in the spirit of for auld lang syne; but the most interesting and most satisfying number was Mr. Noel's "crystal queries," a most ingenious trick (for I can hardly believe that the gods have endowed him and not his audience with supernatural powers) that impelled the spectators to bated breath and gaping mouth. This is how it appeared to us: we all had sheets to fill in with queries, subjective or objective. These were gathered at random and (apparently) placed in an urn and burnt. Then Mr. Noel, who so far had been an onlooker, approached the crystal lying on a little table and proclaimed that he would reply to some of the questions, there being no time to deal with them all. Mr. Noel pondered and pondered, and at length, as if waking from a gentle trance, he announced not only the number of the query, the star under which the enquirer was born, but he answered it with a certain directness that had all the semblance of genuineness. For all I know, it was hocus pocus, but it was vastly amusing and I enjoyed myself as much as the numerous schoolboys and girls in high glee, for it was their first outing in the long vacation.

The best part of this "FRENCH SALAD," by a new author, Mr. Max Catto, with which Mr. Anmer Hall, in partnership with a syndicate, reopens his campaign at the WESTMINSTER, is the mixing. Mr. A. R. Whatmore, when he took this quaint family of the Hutts, distantly related to the Ackland people, the McKenzie people of "Musical Chairs," in hand, undoubtedly felt that pace and ubiquity are the main essentials of farcical acting, and so he urged the actors, a splendid team, to go hell for leather, to run hither and thither, to give us public no time to think, but to overwhelm us by swiftness, bustle, and unexpected groups and changes of position that might mean anything or nothing but kept the tempo going fast and furious.

The play itself is an ingenuous, ingenious combination of many farcical elements linked up in that modern loose way that leaves the main effect to the actors. We seem to meet old friends in a new garb. We know that dear old mother whose woolly brain never concentrates; that doddering old father who, losing his fortune, tries innocuous suicide by a dose of lysol. We know these awful wayward, aimless children, the boy who muses about the stage and Hamlet; the oldest girl who fancies herself a coming Melba; the younger who philanders dangerously with her "boss," a reputed novelist; another son who dabbles in transactions with a crook, gets into hot water and is saved by his wife, the only level-headed person in this awful *ménage*. The first act, well laid out, promised much more than the play ultimately gave. The *milieu* was cleverly depicted; the various types seemed to shape into characters. But not for long. In the second act and onward the author had hard work to chew what he bit off; there were repetitions of situations; the atmosphere from farcicality drifted into amiable lunacy. Old tricks like the gentle intoxication of one girl, the hairbreadth escape from seduction by another, took the place of new ideas. As light midsummer's fare it was considered amusing; it kept the audience in good humour. But then, as indicated before, what acting! First and foremost by Miss Hilda Trevelyan—one of the finest comédiennes of our day—who should never be without an engagement. Her conception of the linnet-headed mother was perfection in its *insouciance* and tenderness. Even in farce she sounded the maternal note so touchingly that the audience came under her spell. As for the details of her work, that finesse, that fretwork-like elaboration of the smallest detail, it is beyond my praise and an example to every aspirant actress.

Another striking performance, and a distinct mark of progress, was the music-mad daughter of Miss Ellen Pollock. Her falsetto singing of well-known arias was sheer delight; her home-coming "with vine leaves in her hair" was so wonderfully discreetly handled that there was no sting, but merely the bubble of an overflowing cup. Miss Ellen Pollock is a born comédienne. Miss Leonora Corbett, the sane managing member of the family, had but one chance, a scene between herself and her husband, Mr. Whatmore, and she grasped it with both hands. It was the one moment when the frolic veered towards the serious side of life. Miss Vera Lennox, Mr. Clive Morton, especially Miss Josephine Middleton, the dear old-world servant, and Mr. Aubrey Dexter, excellent in his bit of character-acting—all helped to keep the ball rolling so merrily, that we could confidently predict a fair run ahead!

Another snapshot sketch from Elstree! MISS HELEN CHANDLER, the distinguished American actress, who is playing lead in "A SAFE BET," is here seen registering faint surprise on being informed that her make-up is not quite right for the time of the year.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

It is early days yet to speak with any authority on the public's reaction to the current vogue of revivals, but whether expediency or a demand on the part of filmgoers is dictating this new policy, certain it is that one house after another is adopting the plan of interpolating film-hits of the past between new productions. Following the example of the Empire, where, on the eve of Marie Dressler's most regrettable death, one of that truly great comédienne's masterpieces, "MIN AND BILL," was shown in conjunction with Noel Coward's "PRIVATE LIVES," the Capitol has brought back to the screen the Gaumont-British picture "ROME EXPRESS," supported by that favourite Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn farce, "PLUNDER." The revival of "Rome Express" is peculiarly interesting, for this was the first picture to be launched in the then new Shepherds Bush studios and an important milestone in the history of British films. It was with this picture, first presented at the Tivoli in 1922, that England challenged the supremacy of Hollywood and scored its initial success in the big push. A "Grand Hotel on wheels," as I described it at the time, "Rome Express" finds its dramatic conflict amongst a group of train passengers who, diverse in type as in their separate preoccupations, are gradually drawn into the meshes of a crook drama. Directed by Walter Forde, the actual train journey, from its moment of departure in the solidly reconstructed Gare de Lyon, is impressively realistic, and though I found the human interest in the various stories indicated at the outset evaporating in the general chase after a stolen Van Dyck; the production reached a high standard of polish, technical achievement, and interpretation. Conrad Veidt's smooth study of the ruthless master crook remains a vivid memory and an experience that I, for one, will renew with pleasure.

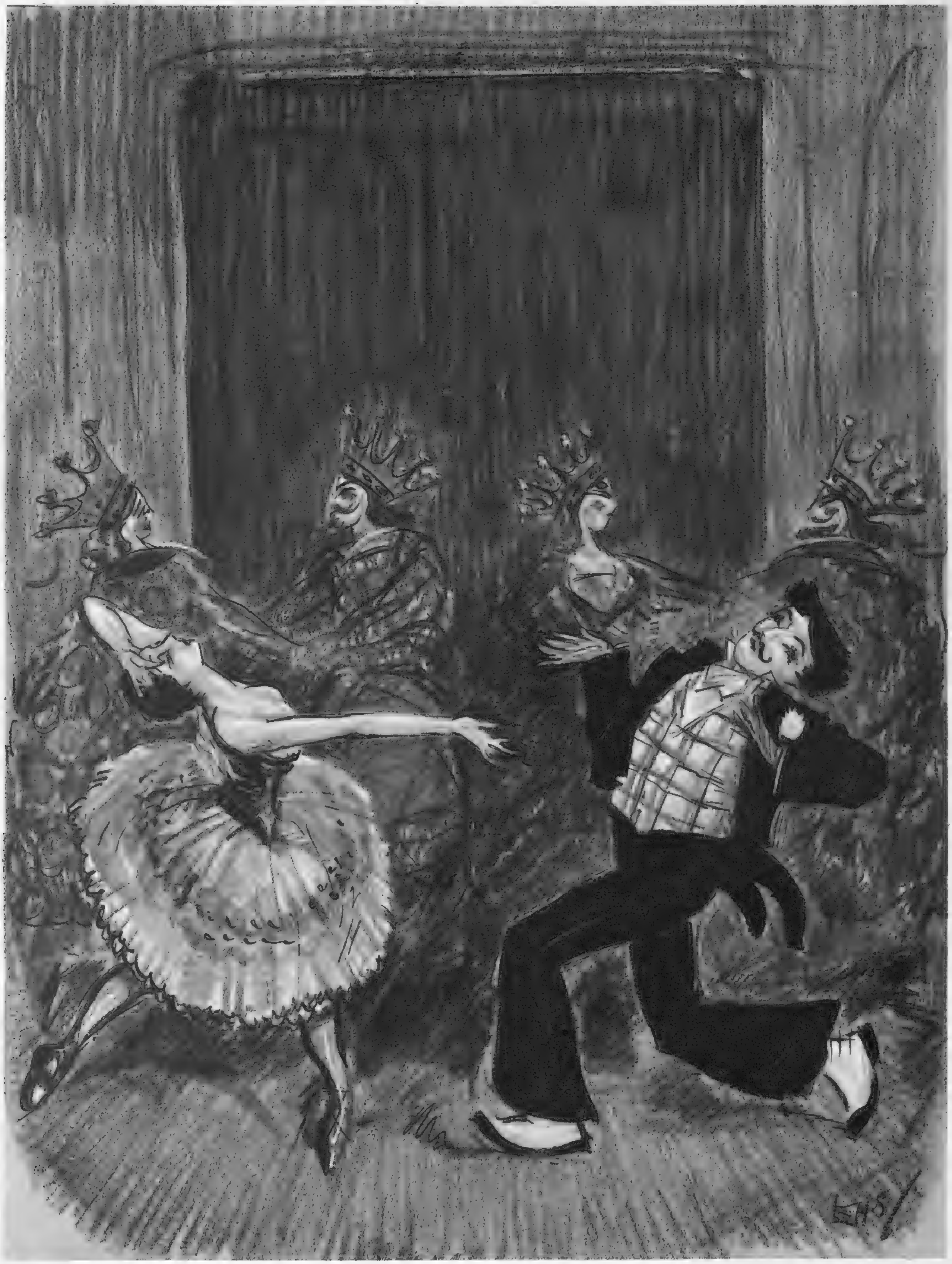
MR. W. H. BERRY, who is making his first talking-picture, "MR. CINDERS," is depicted glancing up from perusal of his part. He is attired for the rôle of "Puck" in a village rendering of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." He is at the same time the local policeman, and, as you may imagine, presides over some hilarious situations.

"STAND UP AND CHEER," at the Regal, is an elaborate and highly spectacular musical show with a novel idea to set the ball rolling and a formidable cast of well-known artists to keep it on the bounce. Supposing that President Roosevelt were to find a tonic for the depression blues in wholesale laughter, he might conceivably create a post for a "Minister of Amusement" and find a place for Warner Baxter, representing the best of Broadway's show producers, in his Cabinet. Anyway, such is the springboard for a series of large-scale song scenas and variety numbers in this new Fox production. Baxter, who proved in "42nd Street" that he can make a vital figure of the harassed and galvanic producer, comes up against the necessary opposition in a big financial ring out to squash the campaign, but finds romantic encouragement close at hand in the person of his pretty secretary. How could he fail with lovely Madge Evans at his side? He does not, and America shakes off depression with Homeric laughter. Nigel Bruce puts in some of his excellent work as Baxter's willing but dim-witted assistant. Massive settings and masses of feminine charm go to the making of the colossal show itself, to which John Boles and Sylvia Froos contribute melody, little Shirley Temple adds her bit of juvenile self-assurance in her "Baby Take a Bow" turn, and a truly diverting penguin, introduced by Stepin Fetchit, the negro comedian, lends his support in an "imitation" of Schnozzle Durante.

How genuinely funny a burlesque of Victorian amenities can be is demonstrated by Elsie French and John Mott, who, with their sentimental accompanist, make a brief appearance in "LILIES OF THE FIELD," a British and Dominions production, at the Leicester Square Theatre. As "The Aspidistras," genteel drawing-room singers, this trio repeats the success of their well-known stage turn and brings to life the faded photographs from the family album in delicious caricature. But the heroine of J. Hastings Turner's gentle satire has no such opportunity for turning her travesty into hilarity. For she dons the bustle and the crinoline, with a demure air to match, in order to attract an antiquarian visiting her father's vicarage; and, having thus launched herself into romance, she has to stick to her pretty pose or disillusion her lover. So that all that is left to Winifred Shotter to do is to look bewitching in her ringlets and furbelows, more especially as the Chelsea bottle-party, at which the heroine, at her tom-boy sister's instigation, reveals her modern self, is a sober and stagy affair, lacking the bright colours of contrast it should have possessed. Mayfair, bowled over by the vicar's daughter and blossoming into aspidistras, antimacassars and hansom-cabs, offers some food for fun, and Claude Hulbert, as the "silly ass" young man aping Victorian modes and manners, makes the most of it. Jokes about the vapours and the megrims, however, are apt to pall, and the picture ambles along quite pleasantly, making its chief appeal to the eye. The opening scenes in village and vicarage settings are wholly charming, and the later London backgrounds well designed. Carefully rather than brilliantly interpreted, this artificial little piece owes its snappier moments to the incisive methods of Ellis Jeffreys.

This illustrates the fifteenth rehearsal of the entrance of Hermia during the "Midsummer Night's Dream" sequences for the B.I.P. picture "MR. CINDERS." Duke Theseus (EDWARD CHAPMAN) is not prepared for such an apparition! Hermia, who has been messing about in the dressing-room, seems to have got to the Bottom of it!

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page IV.



DRAWN BY E. H. SHEPARD.

SHEPARD ON "LA BOUTIQUE FANTASQUE."

This brilliant sketch of ALEXANDRA DANILOVA and LÉONIDE MASSINE dancing the Can-Can in "La Boutique Fantasque" was made by E. H. Shepard after he had seen the ballet at Covent Garden. It is danced to music by Rossini, orchestrated by Respighi, and tells the story of how the dolls in a toy-shop come to life. The Can-Can dancers, who are lovers, are bought by different customers, but, rather than face this separation, they disappear into the night, aided by the other toys. In the background may be seen the dancers representing Playing-card Kings and Queens.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

WITH A DIFFERENCE

(and, of course, with apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"The piece I'm going to repeat," said Humpty Dumpty, "was not written entirely for your amusement. It contains a Moral. You know what Morals are, I suppose?"

"No, I don't think I do," said Alice.

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Humpty Dumpty, and began :—

I sent a waiter for a drink,
I told him "Guinness—large, I think."

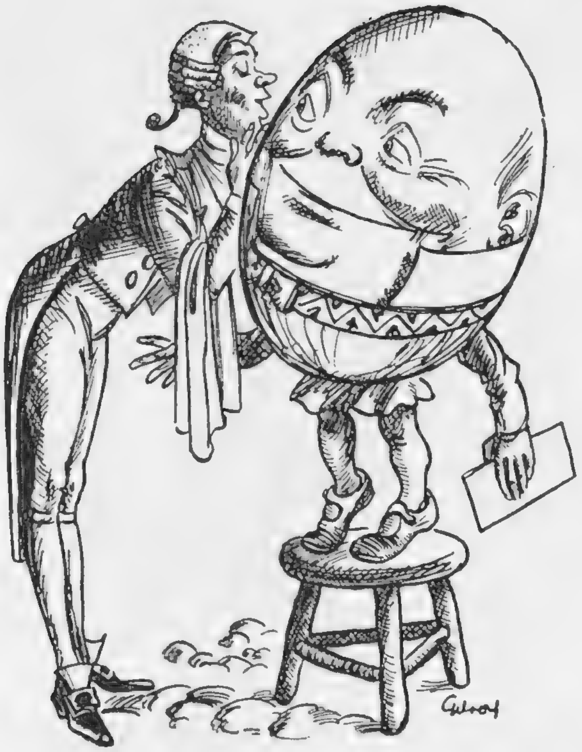
The waiter soon returned, and he
Regretfully replied to me.

His disappointing answer was
"We cannot do it, Sir, because—"

He jerked his thumb towards the clock;
I looked at it; I got a shock.

"I'm afraid," said Alice, "I don't quite understand what the clock has got to do with it."

"Nor does anyone else," said Humpty Dumpty, "but it gets easier further on."



The waiter whispered in my ear;
"I will!" I answered, "Good idea!"

I tipped him once, I tipped him twice,
I thanked him for his sound advice.

I took a post-card, large and new,
Fit for the deed I had to do.

My heart went thump, my heart went hop;
I wrote an order to the shop.

I said to them, I said it pat,
"Send round twelve Guinness to my flat."

Next day there came, as sure as Fate,
A dozen Guinness in a crate.

I took a glass down from the shelf,
"And now," I said, "I'll serve myself!"

There was a long pause.

"Is that all?" Alice timidly asked.

"What more do you want?" said Humpty Dumpty. "Goodbye."

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E. 393.A

A "STREAMLINE" ARTIST AT THE OLD BARN: FLORENCE DESMOND AT HOME.

MISS FLORENCE DESMOND, whose impersonations of famous stars delight everyone, has just relinquished her part in "Why Not To-night?", as she is to appear in "Streamline," the new C. B. Cochran revue due in Manchester on September 1 and in London a few weeks later. Here she is in the up-to-date cocktail bar at her country cottage.

Her country cottage, however, is old-world in its charm. It's at Hatfield Heath, and has a garden full of hollyhocks and madonna lilies.

Miss Florence Desmond's bedroom at "The Old Barn" has a chintz-curtained dressing-table, and a chintz bedspread.

Miss Florence Desmond, who is to play in "Streamline," has an up-to-date streamlined car.

Miss Florence Desmond posed by her Dresden china mirror for this characteristic portrait.

In the bay

The Monte Carlo Follies of 1934—a new production straight from New York—will be at the SUMMER SPORTING throughout the Season

MONTE CARLO BEACH

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

It savours somewhat of nepotism (not to use a harsher word) to write about a book to which one has contributed oneself; but in the interest of the readers of *The Sketch* I will overcome my scruples, for I should be sorry if, owing to my retiring nature, "The Old School" passed unnoticed in these columns. False modesty is a tiresome quality. I will simply say that my essay, like my old school, seems to me the best, and proceed to consider the other contributors, not all of whom were as fond of their *alma mater* as I was of mine.

Some, Miss Arnot Robertson, for instance, are definitely hostile. Technically speaking, I believe that corporations never die, though they sometimes fade away, and if they possess identities, these are vague and not even recognised by the Commissioners of Income Tax. which the nicest spirit prevailed is certainly the Lancastrian School at Cork. In nearly all the rest we find a strong line of demarcation between masters and boys; when not hereditary enemies, there generally seems to exist between them an armed neutrality. But at Cork the monks and their pupils lived together in amity, enjoying a gentle and charming relationship without strain or false sentiment—a very different state of affairs from that prevailing at "Lippington," the convent school described by Miss Antonia White, where the nuns exerted a discipline that knew no relaxation.

Corporal Punishment. But most of the "old schools" are the public schools around which controversy has raged so long. They do not emerge from the ordeal unscathed, and Mr. Graham Greeve, the editor of the collection, is one of their severest critics. He does not, however, anticipate that they will continue long; a coming change in the social order will sweep them away. I do not agree with all his strictures, particularly in his attitude towards corporal punishment. I cannot apply to our executioners the well-worn phrase, "it hurt them more than it hurt us," but I am sure that few of them got more than a natural exhilaration from it, not those fierce orgies of pleasure at which Mr. Graham Greene darkly hints. Writers are supposed to be an abnormally sensitive race; it is only to be expected that they should give a gloomier account of public school life than would a team of cricketers or footballers, supposing these athletes (I speak with the full scorn of the literary man) capable of wielding the pen. Writers are much too articulate, for one thing, to be really representative public school men; they have cultivated their emotions instead of repressing them; try as they will (and many of them in this anthology have tried) they cannot see public school life as their less impressionable contemporaries saw it. That being the case, it is remarkable how favourable their verdicts are.

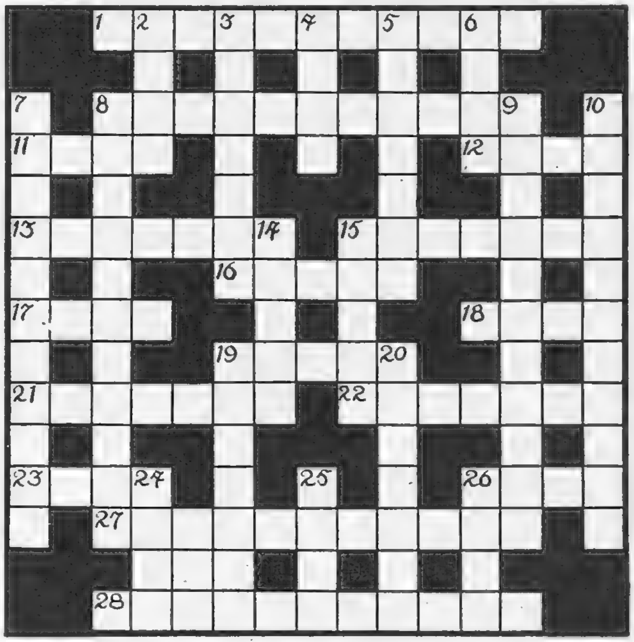
Most of the essayists, it must be confessed, do not give the impression of having greatly enjoyed their school-days. A good many concentrate on the horrors of being a "fag"; comparatively few dilate on the pleasures of having one, though these were considerable. Many complain that their talents were unappreciated by their form masters: Mr. Harold Nicolson tells a peculiarly cruel story to illustrate this. But I feel sure that out of modesty they have omitted the occasions when their work received public recognition, when they marched up to receive prizes at the hands of the Headmaster under the proud eyes of their parents and to the accompaniment of a good deal of languid applause on the part of the school. There is a tendency, no doubt, to take these triumphs for granted, and to feel that they did not compensate for the unpleasantness of being bullied by Jones Major. This is thoroughly in accordance with the public school tradition, which permits one to air a grievance, but sternly discourages, as "side," any tendency to self-glory or immoderate display of happiness. Not only the public schools, but the whole Anglo-Saxon race, share this trait. Indeed, one of the conclusions forced upon us by Mr. Graham Greene's anthology is that the public schools are an expression of the English spirit, not an alien system artificially grafted on it.

[*Continued on page* IV.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.

ACROSS.

1. Beating a nervous boxer may get, win or lose.
8. If this is expressive of anything, it would appear to be of a power of attorney.
11. And this is not expressive of joy.
12. Mr. Galsworthy wrote one, but not in Norwegian.
13. May trump up a charge (though it sounds like a marker's remark).
15. A converted niggard in a famous work of fiction.
16. A music-hall marvel who never failed to give his admirers a date.
17. Stop here, if confused.
18. The kind of silk that would puzzle a chameleon.
19. Extreme fear.
21. Book of the O.T.
22. It may be the rest, and the weapon that ends it may be in rest.
23. "Take thy fair ——, Laertes: time be thine!" (Hamlet).
26. A learned Anglo-Saxon.
27. A really good one might be expected to win the consolation prize.
28. Doggedness appears to be cheeky in a town.



DOWN.

2. A lot may turn on this.
3. Squeezed—as its interior measure suggests.
4. American President.
5. It requires some discretion to embark on this unpeaceful science.
6. Something you can make from snow.
7. Telescopically what my terrier brought in yesterday. (Disastrous, wasn't it?)
8. "Gas our chaps" (anag.).
9. A Burns bonnet.
10. Marks appearing in these clues.
14. Eastern prince.
15. Eastern form of address.
19. It may keep you from falling off.
20. To do with the heart.
24. I.O.W.
25. A tone-y school.
26. Good enough to be a little saint.

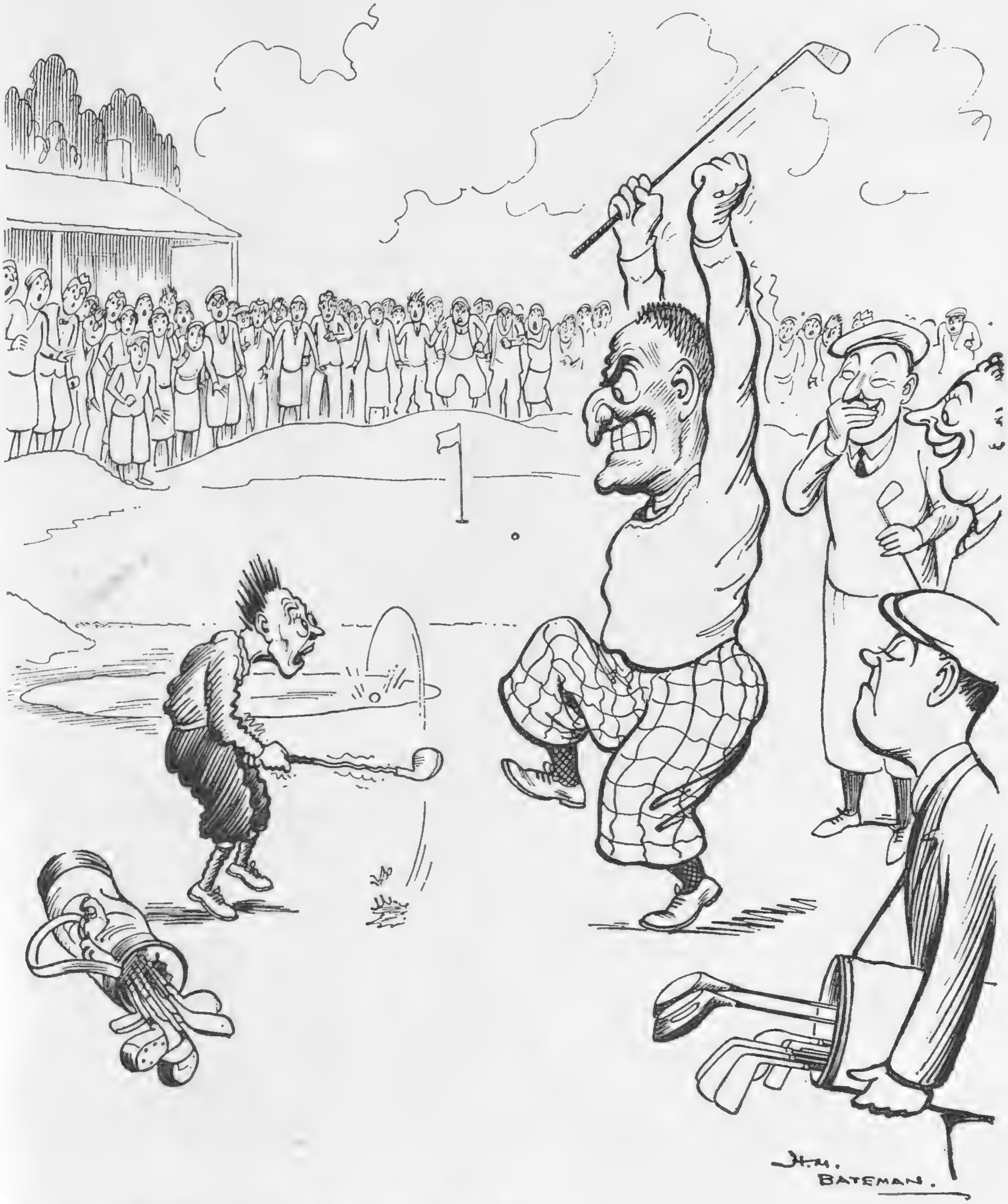
A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, August 13, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published in the top left-hand corner of page III) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

Therefore, there is no need, in 1934, for a school to resent criticisms made of it in 1924 (most of the essayists "enjoyed" their schooldays about that date). It can say, those were the bad old times, we have changed since then: should Miss Arnot Robertson, or Mr. Derek Verschoyle or Mr. Walter Greenwood condescend to visit us now, they would find us swept and garnished, academies fit for young people of literary leanings to dwell in. On the other hand, it can be equally well argued that schools do have personalities; have they not their special ties, their Old Boys' Dinners, and their much abused but tenacious "traditions"? So they can get the best of both worlds. St. Paul's can assert that Mr. Calder-Marshall has thrown his rude missiles at a target that no longer exists; while Downe House, Gresham's School, Holt, Eton and Cork, claiming the boon of unchanged identity, can gracefully accept the bouquets handed them by Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mr. W. H. Auden, Mr. Anthony Powell, and Mr. Seán O'Faoláin.

A Mixed Bag. Miss Bowen's is the best of the appreciative essays, perhaps the best essay in the book. It reveals an amazing memory, a discriminating spirit, an enviable power of being at once personal and detached: and it is superbly written. True, Miss Bowen had an advantage in her subject. Her school was not the regulation type of girls' school; it was organised, as far as it was organised at all, for happiness not for athletic success. Mr. Powell's account of Eton is dignified and leisurely as befits its subject—though he warns us against believing the legend that Etonians are not made to work. Mr. Auden pays a sensible and judicious tribute to the influence of his school; but of all the institutions described, the one in



THE MAN WHOSE MIXED BAG COST THE MATCH

Don't take the same risk—Match up with

Players who prefer a greater amount of whip in their shafts can now obtain the **TRUE TEMPER LIMBERSHAFT.**

The **TWIN TAPER** *type of shaft is now obtainable in* **TRUE TEMPER** *woods and* **TRUE TEMPER** *Master Irons.*

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Ф 22

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

PERHAPS on account of something I wrote on this page while abroad, readers have kindly given me a holiday in the matter of correspondence. But now that my movements are once again in normal channels, letters are beginning to arrive. One correspondent returns to a subject that is always a fruitful source of discussion. He writes: "Don't you think the constant stressing of practice as a necessity for success in golf has been overdone?" He goes on to qualify his question, but not, in my opinion, very relevantly, and so I am ignoring all but his query—which is the kernel of his letter—and my reply is: "No, I do not."

What Application Has Achieved. Looking back over forty years, during which I have in one way or another been in close touch with the game, I am more than ever convinced that steady and intelligent practice is the means by which success has been attained. My earliest recollections at St. Andrews, still as clear as spring water, are of A. F. MacFie, the first Amateur Champion, with a whole pocketful of balls on and around the second green, and of Freddy Tait walking slowly—to accommodate my shorter paces—away out to the Elysian Fields to practise undisturbed; and later, when the New Course had emerged from the whins, of Leslie Balfour-Melville, the Blackwells, Tony Fairlie, and "such great names as these," using its almost deserted contours to keep their hands in. Later still, when the joys of Hoylake first became mine, there were John Ball, Harold Hilton, and Jack Graham for all who were in search of knowledge to see. Nor would Gordon Barry have ever flashed like a meteor across the golfing sky had he not devoted uncountable hours to practice.

MISS JOYCE WETHERED defeated Miss Enid Wilson in the round of exhibition golf at the Bramley Golf Club, Gosden Hill, Bramley, Surrey, in aid of St. Dunstan's. She won by two holes and finished brilliantly with 4, 2, 4, 2, 4, for the last five holes.

And What of the Professors? So much for amateur golf during the Golden Age, though my memories are not exhausted, and many *Sketch* readers could supply others in plenty. And what of the Professors? Harry Vardon, on his island sands, and later at Ganton; James Braid at Ely and Lelant; "J. H." at Westward Ho! and Winchester; and "Sandy" Herd at Huddersfield. They could give illuminating answers, if asked, of the days, weeks, months, and even years of steady progressive preparation. After the war, until recent years, practice was perhaps not pursued so conscientiously in this country, but American golfers kept the torch alight with results that are still a flaming example.

A Welcome Change. Now once again—praise be!—the value of practice is recognised. Some of those ensuing it have already reaped the reward, and others will reap it in their turn. Nothing but dogged perseverance and continuous, unrelenting practice have made Henry Cotton Open Champion, and I am quite sure Easterbrook and Padgham can be included with Cotton, without mentioning many other young and promising professionals. The same welcome signs are manifest among our young amateurs, with Jack McLean, who has just won the Scottish title for the third year in succession, as a shining example. McLean has achieved this in spite of wooden club play that both in length and accuracy is not yet of champion class; but he has succeeded through iron play and a short game that definitely are. Without practice, such a standard is impossible.

Proof of the Pudding. Then look at the other side of the picture. After Bobby Jones had set up his wonderful record, he withdrew from competitive golf. No doubt he practised, but the practice was not fraught with the same importance. What was the result? When he returned to take part in the "Master" Tournament over his own course — the course he had made — his putting touch deserted him, and he was nowhere. Now probably he thought that was the very last department of the game in which he would fail, and it is quite likely he gave less attention to it beforehand for that reason. He was caught napping, and in spite of every effort and the advice of all the experts there, he could not recapture inspiration during the run of the competition.

The North Berwick season has begun, and many "well-knowns" are to be seen on the famous links. LADY HORE-RUTHVEN is here shown practising her swing.

Lessons From Ladies.

And look at ladies' golf. Miss Leitch, Miss Wethered, and Miss Wilson, in their turn, have proved themselves the pillars of women's golf, and no three golfers have ever practised more assiduously. Without regular practice Miss Leitch could never have won all her successes, for hers was not a style to conjure with. Miss Wethered's certainly is, but without regular practice she could hardly have attained perfection in every department of the game, and had not Miss Wilson practised as Tom Williamson will tell you she did, Miss Wethered's mantle could not have fallen on her shoulders. Incidentally, I wish I had seen that match at Bramley between Miss Wethered and Miss Wilson. What a game! Miss Wilson two up with five to play, and then Miss Wethered finishes in 4, 2, 4, 2, 4 for a homeward half of 35, and a victory by two holes.

PERCY ALLISS and BERT HODSON, the famous golfers, met the father and son players, GUS and MAX FAULKNER, at Bramley Golf Club in an exhibition match in aid of St. Dunstan's, and beat them by four and three. Our group shows (l. to r.) Max Faulkner, Bert Hodson, Percy Alliss, and Gus Faulkner.

"Nil Sine Labore." Real practice is hard work certainly, but as certainly, in all games, it is the make-weight that tips the beam to success. I have just been reading William Beldham's Memories. Read what is said about a great bowler. "David (Harris) was a potter by trade, and in a kind of skittle-alley formed between hurdles, he used to practise by bowling four different balls from one end, and then picking them up, would bowl them back again. This bowling cost him a deal of practise, but it proved well worth while, for no man ever bowled like David, and he was always first chosen of all the men in England. *Nil sine labore*, remember, young cricketers all." So what about it, you young golfers?

Australian Adventure. The British team for Australia is now a *fait accompli*. Its members are Michael Scott (Captain), T. A. Bourn, L. G. Garnett, and J. McLean, with Henry Gallen, Secretary of the Royal and Ancient Club, as manager. Good luck to them.

W. E. Bullock, Esq.
Chairman and
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MOTOR OIL

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MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

When one has been trying a number of expensive and powerful cars of sporting type, one is apt to forget how very good are the productions of our so-called "Mass Production" factories. I am reminded of this because I have just completed some 400 miles on a Morris Cowley "Six" saloon. Quite apart from any question of price, this is a really good car about which I can write unreservedly and with the utmost enthusiasm. Just consider. It costs £220, it seats five persons in comfort, it has a definite "presence," it will exceed 60 miles an hour, and will climb hills and take corners quite as fast as the average motorist can wish. There is none of the noise or roughness that one would expect in so low-priced a saloon. Indeed, the whole impression one gathers by driving and riding in this car is that it would still not be too dear if it cost two or three times its present price.

THE 1934 MORRIS COWLEY "SIX" is a very good-looking car whose performance is well up to the high standard set by its looks. It has the additional charm of being modestly priced.

With its low, cross-braced frame, six-cylinder, two-litre engine and four-speed, synchromesh gearbox, the Morris Cowley "Six" is essentially modern. Both engine and gearbox are, like the back axle, exceptionally quiet, so that on a long ascent one finds third gear virtually as quiet as top. The steering, of the Bishop cam type, is dead accurate and very light indeed, while the Lockheed Hydraulic brakes are not only pre-eminently safe on any kind of road surface, but are applied without effort. Everything about this car gives one the impression that it is essentially safe. The road-holding, the steering, the brakes, all combine to give the driver the pleasant impression of having the fullest control over his vehicle at any speed at which he cares to drive. On very slight downhill grades the speedometer will record 70 m.p.h., at which speed the car is steady as a rock, and one can drive down the camber of the road to give approaching vehicles more room without any feeling that the steering is going to "take charge."

On a run which I do very often, from Coventry to Leatherhead, the Morris Cowley "Six" showed itself as fast as many cars on which I have done the journey, and faster than the majority. Exactly two-and-a-half hours for a journey of 104 miles, including observing the seemingly endless 30 m.p.h. speed limit through Oxford and its suburbs, and driving like a perfect little gentleman on an admittedly slow and densely populated road, such as that from Maidenhead through Windsor and Staines to Leatherhead, can be considered definitely good. At one stage of the journey I covered 45 miles in the hour, including a long wait at a level crossing. I found that open bends on the road could be taken quite as fast as on a good many sports cars, while the speed up hills was all that the average sensible motorist could desire.

One thing that has always appealed to me about Morris productions is that they are essentially modern in appearance. They are smart without being *outré*, cars which, despite their low price, look distinctive, even in company with far more costly automobiles. Even the worst snob has no grounds for abstaining from buying a Morris. "Buy British and be Proud of It," is the maker's slogan. Certainly the purchaser of the £220 Morris Cowley "Six" may be justifiably proud of his car.

Its performance does not belie its appearance. Its equipment includes all that the purchaser can possibly require, so that, having bought the car, no additional fittings are required. I do not mean by this that the Morris is covered like a Christmas tree with gadgets of more or less doubtful utility, but that everything, from the front bumpers, which are used also as stabilisers, to the neat folding luggage-grid at the rear, is provided for a definite purpose. The direction indicators are operated by a handy switch, and tiny mirrors, set high up on the inside of the screen, show the driver if he has inadvertently left them on.

The Morris Cowley "Six" is essentially easy to drive, with its fool-proof, synchromesh gear change. The steering wheel is adjustable for height, so that a small woman can have it set in a natural position, where she does not have to peer, like a caged bird, between the spokes and rim of the wheel. Everything is straightforward and simple about this car, which means that there is very little to go wrong. The tax is only £15 a year and will be even less from January next onwards. There are not many cars which I can recommend so whole-heartedly as this product of one of our greatest and most progressive British factories.

A FINE MOTORING FILM.

I was privileged the other day to see the pre-release performance of the new film programme of the Austin Motor Co., which is entitled "Miles Ahead." While three of the films may be described as being of the instructional type, the other two were such as to amuse and interest even the most blasé film-goer. Snake-charmers, dancing dervishes, camels, the hot sunlight and shadow, all the glamour of the Orient, in fact, are crowded into the film "Where East is West," which shows the value of the modern car as a means of reaching the less accessible corners of the globe.

Another film, "Here 's to Comfort," showed the extraordinary strides that have been made in simplifying the trimming of the motor-car body, while another, "When the Solder Sets," is quite the best demonstration I have ever seen of how a motor-car radiator is made. Finally, a really entertaining film was shown, in which the manifold uses of the Austin "Seven" engine were demonstrated. This willing little unit has been used to propel railway trains, cranes, yachts, speed boats and hydro gliders!

The front view of the 1934 ROVER "TEN" SALOON is at once impressive and attractive. It is an indication of the handsome appearance of the car as a whole.

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News; Every Friday.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

In the millinery world, velvet is an outstanding fashion note for the autumn.

Three charming and inexpensive hats in rose-petal velvet are shown on this page. The béret is slightly stiffened by tucks around the edge, and it has a tucked inset across the crown. The second model has a square crown emphasised by a band of vertical tucks: the third is a pull-on, most intricately worked: and there is a fourth, not sketched here, but perfect for the woman who is no longer very young, since it has an adaptable stitched brim and is conservative in line.

Made in black and twelve lovely colours, including pastels, these hats cost 25s. each at Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W.

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

WHEN THE FIRST LEAVES FALL

Here is a charming little light-weight dress and three-quarter-length coat in a stone coloured novelty wool. The frock has two groups of pleats at the back and front, laced pockets, and a soft striped wool scarf in beige, peat, coral, and primrose, while the collarless coat has a draped cowl back. It costs fourteen guineas at Peter Robinson's, of Oxford Circus, London, W.

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

Blue and very dark browns will be the favourite shoe colours this autumn, with Court shoes making a determined come-back, and all types showing a wealth of restrained ornamentation designed, not to attract the eye in itself, but to create an impression of slender lines that flow smoothly and with infinite grace.

Fluted tucks achieve this end in the shoe above. This is a three-eyelet instep tie, and it is made in blue, brown or black, for 35s. 6d. There is much tucking on glacé kid, narrow bands of kid on suède models, delicate punching on walking shoes, and assymmetric stitched motifs on Courts and sandals.

A new interpretation of the Court shoe is seen on the right. This is of blue kid, with a kilted loop giving it a faintly Cromwellian air, and hiding an elastic gusset. This, too, costs 35s. 6d., and with the others, come from Lilley and Skinner, of 358, Oxford Street, W.

Two types of suit for the days when summer dresses have to be laid aside. A navy Duvetyn model, very new and chic for formal occasions: and a Harris tweed coat and skirt for the country. The first has wide velvet revers and a separate velvet waistcoat trimmed with barrel-shaped buttons of twisted wire. The skirt has three godets with pressed central seams. Four patch pockets give a sporting air to the grey and green checked tweed suit, and another two on the skirt provide its wearer with almost as many excuses for losing things as a man always has. Both come from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W., where, during August, they are making their usual special offer of suits made to measure from eight-and-a-half guineas in order that their workrooms may be fully employed.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"IN point of fact, I am. And I don't mind admitting, seeing that I haven't sold the stock, that I was horribly tempted to get out of my War Loan."

"It was——"

"I know. It must have been. Those noisy devils in the Sunday papers gave me the temporary tremors. I jolly nearly told you to sell my little lot."

"I thought you did tell me to."

"Possibly. Quite possibly. Why, Sir, may I ask, why didn't you carry out my instructions ?"

"Because, Sahib——"

"Sell you five hundred at a lac of rupees," broke in a dealer.

"Right. Buy them of you. Make it a thou. ? Cum salaams, of course."

"Sell you a sow so, Pig Head."

"I can take you up to the Committee on that, you know," The Broker threatened. "And for two pins, I would."

"Make it three, and I'll deal with you."

"Sorry, I'm limited." He tapped his forehead disparagingly.

Our Stroller took up the running. "Your Committee let me down rather badly by refusing to give permission to deal in those new shares," he complained.

The Broker threw out both arms. The watering-can flew from the hand of the waiter who was going round the market. This accounted for the sawdust that aroused equal curiosity and caustic comment for the rest of the day.

This week MEN OF ACCOUNT are caricatured by Fred May. SIR WILLIAM McLINTOCK, BT., G.B.E., is one of the most outstanding figures in economy and accountancy. He is senior partner in Thomson McLintock.

"Now look here," the broker protested, binding a dark white handkerchief around his bruised fingers, "I'll tell you what once happened."

"Another silly story ?" asked a languid arbitrageur.

"Some years ago," the broker proceeded, "there was an application made to the Stock Exchange Committee for leave to deal in ——."

Several men gathered round, and the figure mentioned by the broker startled even these Stock Exchange members.

"On the face of it, everything was O.K. Shilling shares, mind you. Then one of the Committee, in a sleepless night, decided to look further into the affair. He nosed into it next day . . . What ? Buyers close ? Right. I'll let my man know."

"Here, finish the yarn," and one of the group caught him by the coat-tail.

(It hasn't got into print, luckily, but, as a matter of historical fact, a jobber's jacket was very neatly slit up the back in another market. This is, however, an entirely different story.)

LORD PLENDER, G.B.E., President of the International Congress on Accounting, 1933. He is senior partner in Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths.

"Well, the Committeeman found out that the real party behind the issue was an accomplished American swindler, and that the intention was to market these shilling shares over here at five bob a time."

"And the Committee ?"

"Refused to give leave to deal. What else could they do, if they didn't want the public to be fleeced !"

"You say everything was O.K. ?"

"The company had complied with every formal regulation which the Committee required."

"What reason did they give for turning it down ?"

"None, of course. How could they ? But the Committee saved the public a hell of a lot of money. You never hear the whys or wherefores, but you can be absolutely sure the Stock Exchange never refuses leave to deal unless there's good reason for it."

"One has to take a good deal on trust," and the speaker's tone suggested mild protest.

"How can it be otherwise ? Someone has to suffer, as a rule ; the sound principle is to confine that suffering to as narrow a circle as possible."

"I once knew," recalled Our Stroller, "a suffering Bishop——"

"Suffragan, not suffering, you mutt. Though sometimes it's much the same thing."

"He made money out of Wiluna, and he still swears by them."

"I once knew a layman," mocked the broker, "who made a lot of money out of East Rand Consols. He didn't take his profit. Now he swears at them, not by them."

"They will come right again. No need to worry about them. When the political world is upset, the best stocks to have are those in the gilt-edged market, and the best shares are those in the gold-mining companies."

"There is no need to throw a gilt-edge upon refined gold," misquoted another member. "Whenever Europe is disturbed or America gets a spasm of financial indigestion, people always fly to British stocks and shares. We've seen the same thing happen over and over again in the past."

". . . Iron and steel shares, for one group," Our Stroller overheard.

"And those in companies connected with the Grid, and with the equipment industry as a whole . . ."

"Anything in what you might call the Heavy trades. There's scope for them, don't you think ?"

"More scope than for concerns connected with other branches that must depend to some extent upon export business."

"There's that about it. But trade within the country has developed wonderfully, don't you think ? The official returns prove that. And the Board of Trade figures are good on both sides of our accounts."

"I know. Yet some people talk as though we had reached a kind of high-water mark in the country's power of consumption."

"That's rot, on the face of it. Appetite grows by what it feeds on——" He glanced at the clock in the Kaffir market. "You know, as well as I do, that people will buy what you have to sell, provided you constantly draw their attention to it."

"You've got to do that, I agree. The point about it is, though, that there's more money available for spending than we've seen for several years——"

"It doesn't seem to come my way. I am still in West Wits."

"With them, you are dependent upon what lies hidden in the ground."

"Or upon who lies when he is hidden above it."

"I would very much like to know," announced a broker of wealth and a particularly pleasant smile, "how many of these new Transvaal companies will appear in the pages of the Official Intelligence twenty-five years hence."

"They may be there—but some in the mortuary," suggested his partner.

The mortuary is that part of the book which contains particulars of companies in liquidation.

MR. E. CASSLETON ELLIOTT is President of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, and senior partner in the firm bearing his own name.

SIR THOMAS KEENS, D.L., is a past President of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, and a partner in Keens, Shay, Keens.

"You have to go to work very gingerly in some of these newer Transvaal shares," a dealer in them cautioned. "Nobody should touch them unless he can afford to lose the money."

"Nevertheless, there's probably a fortune or two in the new things if you have the luck to stumble on the right ones."

"It won't be me. Or should it be 'I ?' 'It won't be I' sounds so funny. But it won't be, anyway, whether it's I or me. I stumble right across the good things, and then pitch into something that collapses under my own weight."

"Go on. We know your sort. You always wail about your losses, but you never own up to making any profits."

"And your father is the man who always boasts of the profits he is making, and never says a word about his losses."

"Wouldn't you like to enlighten the company about my Mother ?"

"I was not discussing any individual person. But your Mother is the Wise Woman who puts her savings into Coats, and Courtaulds, and Airways, and Imperial Tobacco, and United Dairies, and says nothing about it. I raise my hat to her."

"How about Cissie ? What does she put her money into ?"

"International Tea for her no-doubt exacting husband. Cow and Gate for her bonny baby. Celanese for her charming self."

"You seem to know quite a lot about it, for one so young. What was it you said about me ? I've forgotten."

"He said," a dealer replied, "that you could make sure of coming out with clean hands if you were in National United Laundries." *Friday, August 3, 1934.*

SIR JAMES MARTIN, M.B.E., J.P., is a past President of the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, and was Vice-President of the International Congress on Accounting, 1933.

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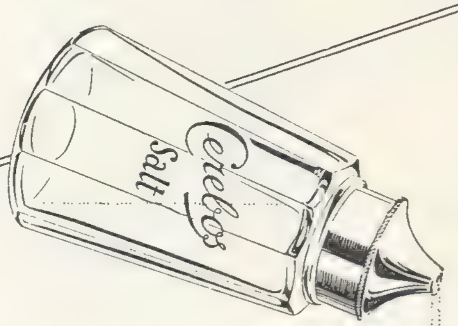

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(See page 272.) 8/8/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLXV.

THE VULNERABLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

THIS vulnerable and non-vulnerable business, so far, has not been discussed in these notes. This is the reason —a sound and simple reason—I don't understand it! I have been waiting, therefore, for somebody better versed in card mathematics than I am, to tell us *why* contract bidding is a variable affair depending on whether the caller is a game up or not. Every contract authority (I think I am right in saying *every*) tells us that these different conditions need different bidding tactics, but they don't tell us why. It is like the bidding of 4th in hand after three passes—here they tell us we must have an extra king, queen, or something to open the bidding, but they don't say why. They just make the statement, lay down the law as such, and leave it at that. In my opinion, in this case they are entirely wrong—so wrong that they cannot justify their statement, which may or may not be the reason why they don't enlarge on the subject and tell us clearly why this extra king, queen, or something is a necessity for 4th player's opening bid.

But mind you, in this affair of vulnerability, I feel it in my bones that the authorities are right, although I must confess that in the early stages of the bidding I, myself, do not take the game score into consideration; later on, when it is a gamble on a game bid, I do hesitate when a game up; for, obviously, the gamble on game varies very considerably when in one case you are taking good odds and in the other laying heavy odds; but for a mere opening, defensive, or supporting bid or take-out, I do wish these mathematically - minded bridge authorities would tell us why we must attack the game on different lines according to the different conditions.

In one of the latest books on contract there is a tabulated list showing the different opening " count " of a hand for the vulnerable and non-vulnerable condition, but as usual, no reason is given. The " count " of a hand means nothing at all to me, but for the benefit of those of my readers who do understand " counts," it seems that as dealer or 2nd hand you may bid one no-trump—non-vulnerable—on 13 points, but vulnerable on 14 points, and as you go round the table these points get higher—up to 16 for a non-vulnerable 4th in hand—who must have 17 points when vulnerable. I have no doubt this is all very sound and correct, but I ask why ?

All this " count " or " point " vagueness is as nothing to my friend " Yarborough," who tells us, in *The Sunday Times*, that on the following—

Spades A, Q, 3.
Hearts—K, 10, 5, 3.
Clubs—Q, 6.
Diamonds—K, KN, 9, 2

the correct opening bid, vulnerable, is one diamond, but one no-trump, if not vulnerable! But why, oh why, oh why? Does " Yarborough " mean that one diamond is mathematically more likely to make the odd than one no-trump ? If so, why ? Or does he mean that an original diamond bid is less likely to be rushed into a high contract than one no-trump ? If so, why ? Or does he mean that one diamond can be taken out into a simple one-spade or one-heart bid and left safely at that; or, in short, what does he mean ? I wish he 'd tell us ; if he doesn't, I will write to him personally and ask him, because " Yarborough's " views on bridge are worth attending to.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, AUG. 1.

ACROSS.—1. Tattooing. 8. Landau. 9. Truths. 12. Toil. 13. Cheap. 14. Clue. 17. Inhuman. 18. Tastier. 19. Codicil. 22. Chatham. 24. Spin. 25. Angry. 26. Omen. 29. Tether. 30. Antler. 31. Shambling.

DOWN.—2. Aids. 3. Toughen. 4. Outlast. 5. Nous. 6. Lavish. 7. Chilli. 10. Staircase. 11. Detriment. 15. Smack. 16. Assam. 20. Driver. 21. Lindrum. 22. Curtail. 23. Hammer. 27. Shah. 28. Eton.

MRS. BENNETT CLARK, Darby's House, Campden, Glos., was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-Word Puzzle in our issue of July 25 to be first opened on Monday morning, July 30. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

The CHOICE of CONNOISSEURS —

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(*Continued from Page 272.*)

"Slings and Arrows." "Slings and Arrows" is an exceptionally clever novel, principally concerned with the relationships of two married couples, with some reference to their servants and children and the people, disabled soldiers and the like, whom they benefited or wanted to benefit. The shadow of the war is still heavy over one-half of this story of contemporary life: for Aubrey was shell-shocked and is still visited by distressing bouts of claustrophobia. An actor without a job, a playwright whose play has been turned down, he has plenty of reasons for neurasthenia. His wife, the placid Bridget, understands and knows how to treat him; the worst of it is, he vaguely resents being humoured and "understood," and finds relaxation and excitement in the society of Phyllida, a very modern young woman to whom the war is but a memory and nothing (her husband and daughter included) very important except in so far as it keeps her amused. Presently she and Aubrey become lovers.

Symmetry Defied. That leaves, more or less in the cold, Bridget and Phyllida's husband, Colonel Dakin. Symmetry demands that they should console each other; but Miss Barbara Goolden is much too subtle a writer to propose such a solution. Indeed, when the Colonel comes to consult her on the subject of Phyllida and Aubrey's visit to Paris, the meeting is unfruitful. Bridget tolerantly explains that neither her husband, nor the Colonel's wife, will love the other for long: it is a transient affair and need not be taken seriously. She even, with extraordinary prescience, foretells the reason for their rupture—a reason which is one of the cleverest and most convincing touches in the book. Aubrey, selfish enough himself, is appalled by the selfishness and callousness Phyllida displays when his attack comes on. The Colonel listens more or less patiently to Bridget's reasoning; he consents to argue with her; both of them talk (for the first time in the story) like "people in a book," telling each other what they might conceivably have thought, but would surely never have said. Colonel Dakin is profoundly shocked by Bridget's attitude towards illicit love. They part with apparent goodwill, but

He went out conscious that he had no business to dislike her so much. She meant extremely well; in fact (he clung to his labels) she was a good woman. But the only woman in whom he was interested, the only woman who meant femininity to him was the very reverse of *good*.

And Bridget's reflexions followed a similar course;

"Poor man. . . . It 's a pity he 's not more likeable," she thought; "I suppose it must be because his good qualities are so much in evidence that one feels so quickly out of patience with him. . . ."

It is sad, but no doubt true, that the good do not always appreciate each other. However, they have the consolation of knowing that the "bad" (if such an epithet applies to Phyllida and Aubrey) also do not see eye to eye. In "Slings and Arrows" Miss Goolden shows a remarkable insight into human nature. Her story is not especially original; it belongs to a class with which we are familiar; but it stands at the very top of that class, head and shoulders above most of its competitors.

"Talking Sparrow Murders." The scene of the "Talking Sparrow Murders" is laid in Heidelberg, soon after Hitler's rise to power. Present-day Germany is not an ideal setting for a detective-story: violent deaths are all too numerous. The situation is already so black as to remind one of the negro in the story: a piece of coal made a white mark on him. Similarly, a single murder would seem to be an act of conspicuous humanity in the Hitlerist régime. Mr. Teilhet avoids the difficulty by multiplying the murders. Nobody seems to be safe; and the clues are so fragmentary that poor Tatson (an eye-witness of Kohlmann's death, and detained by the police in consequence) is terrified that he will lose his job in America. His life, too, is threatened, and he cannot tell whether Mischa, a mysterious and attractive Russian lady, is loyal or means to treble-cross him. The story, though so confused that one loses all sense of its direction, is exciting and occasionally horrible.

"The Chinese Orange Mystery." The circumstances of the latest Ellery Queen story are more bizarre even than usual—unless we except the "Siamese Twin Mystery." Some of the red herrings provide better sport than the main trail—they are more possible and at least as entertaining. The reason why the scene of the crime presented such a strange appearance baffled everyone longer, surely, than it need have done; in this matter the ordinary reader may find himself quicker-witted than Ellery Queen. Still, "The Chinese Orange Mystery" is an honest detective story with more than one good puzzle in it.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Old School. Edited by Graham Greene. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
Slings and Arrows. By Barbara Goolden. (*Macmillam; 7s. 6d.*)
Talking Sparrow Murders. By Darwin L. Teilhet. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)
The Chinese Orange Mystery. By Ellery Queen. (*Gollancz; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"**TOUCH WOOD**" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE, Regent's Park. 8.30.—Season of Shakespeare and other plays, and ballet; delightful surroundings, fine acting and dancing.

"**QUEEN OF SCOTS**" (New). 8.30.—Clever portrait of the unhappy Queen by Gwen ffrangcon-Davies. Excellent production, acting, and settings.

"**BALLETS RUSSES**" (Covent Garden). 8.45.—Diaghilev glories revived by Colonel de Basil's troupe. Orchestra admirable.

"**CLIVE OF INDIA**" (Savoy). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**LIVING DANGEROUSLY**" (Strand). 8.30.—Exciting melodrama of two doctors. Good acting. Godfrey Tearle, Martin Walker, Carol Goodner.

"**VINTAGE WINE**" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.

"**WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?**" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Nelson Keys and Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"**LABURNUM GROVE**" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"**MEN IN WHITE**" (Lyric). 8.30.—Gripping drama with a hospital setting.

"**SIXTEEN**" (Criterion). 8.30.—Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"**SPORTING LOVE**" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"**THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD**" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.

"**LIEBELEI**" (Academy).—A fine screen version of Schnitzler's famous play.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"**SHE LOVES ME NOT**" (Carlton).—Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins in a college farce with music.

"**A CUP OF KINDNESS**" (New Gallery).—The old Aldwych team in fine form.

"**MEN IN WHITE**" (Empire).—Hospital drama.

"**LILIES OF THE FIELD**" (Leicester Square Theatre).—The gentle comedy of a masquerade, starring Winifred Shotter.

"**STAND UP AND CHEER**" (Regal).—Warner Baxter in spectacular musical show.

"**ROME EXPRESS**" (Capitol).—A "Grand Hotel" on wheels. Revival.

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